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HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH CIVIL

A BOOK ON MANNERS

By REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.

LATE CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES, AUTHOR OF
"HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED,"
"JOHN CHINAMAN AT HOME," ETC., ETC.

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T. FISHER UNWIN
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TO

MY WIFE

FROM WHOM I HAVE NEVER DIFFERED

EXCEPT IN OPINION

PREFACE

WHEN stationed at Hong Kong I travelled about a good deal in China and Japan. There I learned that much greater value is attached to civility and manners by the people of these countries than is the case with us in the West. This made me think of this book, and if any one is as interested in reading it as I was in writing it I shall be satisfied.

It is not a book of etiquette, for I could not rise to that. I am anything but a master of ceremonies, and only write of the principles from which good manners proceed in all classes of society. What I mean by manners is much what *Bushido* stands for in Japan—the instincts of a gentleman, the principles of the gentle life.

Centuries ago a Frenchman, Jacque Legrand, wrote "The Book of Good Manners" in pity for "the condition of unmannered folks who are like brute beasts." I have never seen this book, and do not know whether it is or is not in existence;

but is there not need in our day of a similar one? Certainly such a book would have many readers if every one wanting in manners bought a copy and passed it on to a friend similarly deficient.

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How to be Happy Though Civil

CHAPTER I

MANNERS MATTER MUCH

THE way in which things are done is often more important than the things themselves. "A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of fine arts." If you are a musician or a painter, you cannot exhibit these accomplishments in all places and at all times. You cannot well strike up a song from an opera in a railway-carriage, or exhibit your pictures in a tram-car; but where is the place that you cannot show good manners? Genius, if allied to an unpleasant personality, starves in garrets; while agreeable mediocrity has golden opportunities thrown in its way. Faults of manner are faults which the world has agreed to exaggerate; they have been the ruin of fine abilities and of great careers. It is

a pity ; but we must remember that of people who see us the majority only see us for perhaps half an hour in their lives, and they judge us by what they see in that half-hour.

In a fine passage Burke says : "Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them."

And yet manners are not, in England at least, appreciated as much as they ought to be. John Bull is proud and independent, and he fancies that it would take something from his dignity if he were to be polite. See him swagger about churches and restaurants abroad as if the whole world belonged to him !

Merit, assured of itself, and reinforced by physical vigour, scorns to employ suavity of demeanour for fear of seeming to concede a particle of its honesty.

Another thing that prevents the little morals that oil the wheels of society from being properly appreciated is the fact that good manners are

frequently confounded with a rather foolish thing called etiquette. The words "etiquette" and "ticket" have the same origin. Formerly the rules and ceremonies to be observed at Court were printed on a ticket and given to every person presented at Court. The rules of etiquette are not founded upon common-sense, and they change with the weather-cock of fashion in every age and country. Not so good manners. These are always the same, for they are the expression of a kind heart and an unselfish nature. The postures and impostures of etiquette may be only the toys by which idle people amuse themselves in "society," but manners are not idle. They are "the fruit of noble nature and of loyal mind." Money, talent, rank—these are keys that turn some locks; but a kind, sympathetic manner is a master-key that opens all. If "virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner," how great must be the power of winning manners, such as steer between bluntness and plain-dealing, between giving merited praise and flattery.

I knew a Dean in Ireland whose sarcastic manner prevented him from being made a bishop. The clergy of the diocese would not vote for him because "if he became bishop before a month he would have a nickname for each

of us." A clergyman may be a good preacher and organiser, but if he is awkward and rude people will not go to his church. They will say, "I respect Mr. So-and-so, but there is something about him I do not like."

"Manners maketh man," but especially the medical man. If he has a good bedside manner, he may throw physic to the dogs and spare his patients. A merry heart in a physician does more good than medicines. His foot has music in it as he comes up the stairs. On entering a sick-room he inspires into his patient belief in him and hope which is favourable to longevity. On one occasion a "calamity of surgery" took place in the consulting-room of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie. A patient had died after a slight operation. Though it was not the fault in any way of the surgeon, the man's brother called to give him a "bit of his mind." Such, however, was the fascination of Mackenzie's manner that the indignant brother submitted his own throat to examination, and without a murmur paid the customary fee for the privilege.

Baron Brampton concludes a description of a very successful barrister whom he knew with these words; "He had a coaxing manner, so much so that a witness would often be led to say what he never intended, and what afterwards

he could not believe he had uttered." A barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking.

So important is it considered that staff officers in the British Army should have tact and good manners, that every candidate for the Staff College must get a certificate from his commanding officer stating that he is not deficient in these respects.

Lord Chesterfield declared that it was his manner, irresistible either by man or woman, that made the fortune of the Duke of Marlborough.

Gladstone, who had no memory for faces, once passed without recognition an influential supporter. Disraeli made much of the offended man, and won him over to his camp. This incident shows that manners matter much in politics.

In business there is no stock-in-trade that "pays" so well as good manners. In some of our colonies business men find that they are losing custom owing to the bad manners of their employees, and are having them trained in politeness.

In tournaments for a lady's heart and hand is it not a natural selection when manners decide the contest? This, at least, is what the famous

Wilkes thought, for he used to say: "I am the ugliest man in the three kingdoms and yet if any one gives me a quarter of an hour's start I shall gain the heart of any woman before the handsomest "—by his manner.

When she who became the second wife of Sheridan saw him for the first time she recoiled with horror, so ugly did she think him, but she was soon head and ears in love with him because of his captivating manners.

And when young people marry is there anything which enables them to keep the hearts they have won so much as preserving those sweet manners which made each acceptable to the other in courting days.

Let us think of some of the common causes of bad manners, so that by keeping them in view we may be better enabled to avoid them. I think the sources that are most productive of bad manners are these four—vanity, ill-nature, want of sense, and want of sympathy.

The vain man can scarcely be well-mannered, for he is so absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections that he cannot think of other people and study their feelings. Vulgarians think only of themselves and their own concerns. Their ancestors were all heroes, and they themselves are more heroic than even they were. There is no art or accomplishment in which

they do not excel. Their children are better than any other children; so are their servants, horses, and everything that they honour by possessing. All their geese are swans. Now, surely, it is not a very gentlemanly thing for a man to spend his time in trying to make himself seem big and others in comparison small, and he need not be surprised if the others vote him a boor and a bore.

Then, vanity renders people too self-conscious to have good manners, for if we are thinking of the impression we are making, we cannot give enough attention to the feelings and conversation of others. Shyness was a source of misery to Archbishop Whately. When at Oxford his white rough coat and white hat obtained for him the sobriquet of "The White Bear"; and his manners, according to his own account, corresponded with the appellation. He was directed, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men he met in society; but the attempt to do this only increased his shyness. He found that he was all the while thinking of himself rather than of others, whereas thinking of others rather than of one's self is the essence of politeness. Finding that he was making no progress, he said to himself, "I have tried my utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in

spite of it. I will endeavour to think about it as little as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." In thus endeavouring to shake off all consciousness as to manner, he says, "I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces."

Ill-nature is a too common source of bad manners. What but this could have made the bookseller reply, as he noticed the bodily proportions of Dr. Johnson, who had asked him for literary work, "Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks?" It is ill-nature that causes boys to torment lunatics and weak-minded people, and to make personal remarks upon those who are afflicted with bodily infirmities.

It is difficult to see how the "natural born fool"—to use an American expression—can be well-mannered, for without good sense a man must continually make a fool of himself in society.

But the most productive source of bad manners is want of sympathy. Our manners are bad because we have not the fellow-feeling which we ought to have.

The two chief rules for manners are, first, think of others; second, do not think of your-

self, and these cannot be carried out without sympathy. We must be able to go out of ourselves and realise the feelings and circumstances of another if we would confer pleasure and avoid inflicting pain.

Want of sympathy it is which constitutes the hard man, one who, without committing anything that might be called a fault, rides roughly over the most sensitive feelings of your nature.

A good manner is the art of putting our associates at their ease. Whoever makes the fewest persons uncomfortable is the best-mannered person in a room. We cannot imagine a case in which a man could be at a loss what to say or do in company if he were always considerate for the feelings of others, forgot himself, and did not lose his head or leave his common-sense at home. Such an one may not have studied etiquette; he may be chaotic rather than "good form," as the slang expression is; and yet, because his head and heart are sound, he will speak and act as becomes a gentleman. On the other hand, a very pedant in form and bigot in ceremonies may be nothing better than the "mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat."

It has been said that to be a social success one must be a moral failure, but this is not the case. It is not insincerity, but real sympathy

that wins hearts. Certainly those who consciously aim at social success and at that alone are often beasts.

A badly-mannered person makes you feel old, ugly, and disagreeable, and one with good manners that you are very nice and that your presence at the time is quite indispensable to his or her happiness. A visitor calls at a most inconvenient time, but the lady of the house, if she have unselfish manners, will never allow the individual to discover the fact. If this be deceit, may I always be deceived! Trying to please is not always vanity; it may come from a genuine desire to make others happy.

CHAPTER II

CIVILITY AND RUDENESS

A QUAKER, who had made a fortune as a merchant in Liverpool, was asked how he had managed it. "By a single article," he answered, "in which every one may deal who pleases—civility." Lord Burleigh was also aware of the financial value of the same commodity, for he used to say to Queen Elizabeth: "Win hearts and you have people's purses at command."

A man who had put himself about to oblige a lady—a perfect stranger—thirty years after was surprised by receiving news that she had left him a legacy of fifteen thousand pounds. An even larger sum (twenty thousand pounds) was left by an old lady to a gentleman for no other reason than because he once lent her his umbrella.

An incident in the life of Lord Beaconsfield affords an apt illustration of the charm which the spirit of chivalry infuses into everyday life.

Gladstone was attacking in the House of Commons the administration of Disraeli, as he was then. He had begun a sentence, "The right honourable gentleman and his satellites," when some interruption threw him out; he came to a stop, and seemed on the point of breaking down. Disraeli leaned across the table and repeated the word "satellites," whereupon his adversary at once recollected himself and resumed his invective.

And Gladstone could be equally urbane. On the same evening after Lord Randolph Churchill had made a fiery attack on him, Lord Randolph and his wife were at the same dinner-party with Gladstone. "The first person," says Lady Randolph Churchill, "I met as I went in was Mr. Gladstone, who at once came up and said: "I hope Lord Randolph is not *too* tired after his magnificent effort" ("Reminiscences," p. 98).

Civility has been defined as benevolence in small things. This is well illustrated by the following incident, which is related in the life of General Sir William Napier, K.C.B. Taking a country walk one day, he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl, which she had dropped in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner. She said she would be beaten, on her return home, for having broken

it. With a sudden gleam of hope she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But zu can mend it—can't ee?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but he would give her a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, trusting him, went on her way comforted.

On his return home he found an invitation to dine in Bath the following evening to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of going to meet his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner-party; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline the invitation, on the plea of a pre-engagement, saying, "I cannot disappoint her. She trusted me so implicitly."

Be always civil; it is one of the few things that are cheap and not nasty. Civility is the exchequer of the poor. If we have nothing else to give we can give that.

Fifteen thousand police in London keep in

order five million people chiefly by civility. Every time I return to England I more admire the cheerful civility of the police, the postmen, the railway porters, the tramway car conductors, and, indeed, of all that class of public servants.

We have heard of a family of Welsh colliers so celebrated for good manners that they were called the "civil family." The only education the younger members received was from a lady and her daughters. The following is recorded of one of the boys of this "civil family." The lady aforesaid was on her way to visit the father of the family, who was ill. She met the lad as he was wading ankle-deep in mud through a lane. He turned with her, anxiously watching her steps. They came at last to a puddle that she could not cross. The little fellow advanced before her, took two steps in the mud, and leaped over the puddle, leaving behind him his wooden shoes. The lady, glancing at his bare feet, said, "Little boy, you have left your shoes behind you." "They are for you to walk on," was the prompt reply.

A French lady, writing for girls on their behaviour in society, has summed up the matter in a terse and sensible sentence: "In order to be polite, be good."

Politeness is real kindness kindly expressed,

and the only life that deserves to be called successful is a life that has been occupied with kindly words and deeds. Ask any old man what it is in looking back on the past that he most regrets, and he will tell you that it is not the unused opportunities for worldly gain and advancement that he regrets, but the words of cheer he might have spoken and the deeds of love he might have done. Whatever others say or do you need not put yourself out of tune with the Infinite. A Persian sage has said, "Always meet petulance with gentleness and perverseness with kindness." "A gentle hand can lead even an elephant by a hair." Rarey, the celebrated horse tamer, affirms that an angry word would sometimes raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute.

I saw a groom trying to get a sulky horse to work. He did not spur or beat him, but acted with firmness and kindness. The horse kicked and reared, but he could neither unseat nor provoke his rider. Having observed the contest for some time, I could not help complimenting the man, though he was a stranger to me, upon his temper and patience. "Ah, sir," he said, "if a brute like this will not go for kindness, you may be sure he won't go for roughness."

Yes, even dumb animals claim and can ap-

preciate civility. "Treat a cow as if she were a lady," is the superscription over the cow-houses of a large dairy farmer in Cheshire. The farmer's milk of kindness is doubtless returned in real milk. Civil words and deeds, either to man or beast, are the small change of Christian charity.

> "Give, if thou canst, in alms; if not, afford
> Instead of that a sweet and gentle word."

Truly incivility is a losing game, and it is only the rich who can afford it. A man said, "It cost me just a thousand pounds to take that man's chair." He had taken a chair that was reserved for another man, and by doing so had given so much offence that the man would not do business with him; and in this way one special contract was lost, which would have brought in a thousand pounds. A few words which a young man spoke rudely when angry with a rich uncle were found on the old gentleman's death to have cost him exactly fifteen hundred pounds a word. The will had been altered to that amount.

Dr. Johnson has been described as "a bear who was privileged in rudeness"; but no one is privileged in rudeness in the sense of not having to pay for it sooner or later. Even the doctor's rudeness cost him something. When

asked why he was not invited out to dine, as Garrick was, he answered: "Because great lords and ladies don't like to have their mouths stopped."

Horace Walpole said that Johnson "was good-natured at bottom, but ill-natured at top." Of course, such a character is much better than the reverse; but it is a pity when people are not good-natured on the top as well. Benevolence in little things, or good manners, has been well called "surface Christianity."

"Spite and ill-nature are among the most expensive luxuries of life." No one can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies he is sure to make if he allow ill-nature to produce in him unmannerly habits. Who, for instance, cares for or is willing to help the surly man, the man who is always saying, "Don't bother me," who when spoken to often does not reply and who never waits for any one?

People ask after our health, and then go on to business without waiting for a reply. An old lady made it a rule never to tolerate this. "Good-morning, madam, how are you?" some one would say to her, and proceed in the same breath: "With regard to the business on which I have called to see you," etc. The old lady would hear him to the end. Then she

would say: "Did I understand you to inquire after my health?" "Certainly, madam, certainly." "Then I presume that you are not so deficient in intelligence as to ask questions to which you do not require an answer. I am feeling so unwell that I must beg of you to defer all business to another occasion." After two or three experiences of the old lady's little trick, the delinquents learnt it was best to wait for an answer to their inquiry. When they did this they always found the old lady in the best of health, and the business they were anxious about proceeded.

Of the many evils of the tipping system not the least is the fact that it makes servants rude to those who cannot afford to tip them. Once when the writer was crossing the Atlantic we had three or four American reputed millionaires on board. Those who waited at meals paid attention only to the money lords, and were barely civil to the rest of us. Before leaving the ship at New York, the men of wealth agreed that tipping injured men by keeping down wages, and that they would give no tips. Then the stewards who had been rude, or at least not civil, to those of us who would have remunerated them found that they had been playing a losing game.

Tips are onerous to those who give them

and humiliating to those who receive them, and it is time that the custom should cease.

It had been brought to the notice of the Postmaster-General that "abrupt and uncouth expressions" were used by telephone operators, so orders were issued that their language should be more civil. Graceless brevity of expression was to be avoided, and "Please" was to be said on all occasions that demanded the word. Failing to hear, the operator was to say "Please repeat." If the subscriber was delayed, "Sorry to have kept you waiting" was to be added.

It would be well if some one could put a stop to the "uncouth expressions" that are used by other people, as, for instance, when men talk of a woman's "points," and of the way she is "groomed," especially in the arrangement of her "mane."

To a young nobleman who was using slang of this kind an old lady said, "May I inquire, Lord Henry, whether, when you have completely mastered the language of the servants' hall, you mean to adopt its manners as well?"

Rude, too, is the conversational chaff of to-day. It is a silly comment on personal peculiarities and it sometimes sinks to the level of childish teasing.

For the sake of two people who came late after repeated warnings, I have seen the captain

of an excursion steamer stop his ship and send a boat to bring them on board. This delayed more than two hundred people half an hour. When the unpunctual pair came up the ladder did they hang down their heads in shame for having caused several people to lose trains, and for otherwise inconveniencing them? No! they were pleasantly impressed with their self-importance. People said that the captain was civil and obliging to do this, but if he was civil to two he was rude to over two hundred. Unpunctuality, which is a form of selfishness, ought not to be rewarded.

CHAPTER III

INSTINCTIVE POLITENESS

"EVERY one," it has been said, "may arrive at true nobility by the ways of virtue and goodness." By the same ways every one may have what may be called natural good manners. True courtesy is "the beauty of the heart." How well it is that no one class has a monopoly in this kind of beauty: that while favourable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should, nevertheless, be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes having them.

The following is a case in which representatives of both classes and masses seemed to vie with each other in courtesy. A young lady, who came out from an aristocratic house in the West End of London, when hastening round a corner, ran against a little street "arab." She said, "My poor boy, I hope that I have

not hurt you; I'm very sorry. I beg your pardon." The little chap was astonished. Taking off the three-quarters of a cap which he had upon his head, he made her a grand salute and said: "You can hev my parding [for that is what he called it], miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me you may knock me clean down, and I won't say a word." And then, when the lady had passed on, he turned to his chum, and remarked: "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had anybody ask my parding, and it's kind o' took me off my feet."

One very cold day the American preacher Henry Ward Beecher bought a paper from a ragged little boy. "Poor little fellow," said he; "aren't you very cold?" "I was, sir, before you passed," replied the boy, with natural good manners.

Here is an instance of instinctive politeness doing the right thing in strange and unaccustomed circumstances. On one occasion Barrett Browning, a painter and the son of Robert Browning, hired a room near his father's house in which to exhibit his pictures. In the temporary absence of the painter the poet was doing the honours, the room being half filled with fashionable friends. Mr. Robert Browning was standing near the door, when a visitor, un-

announced, made her appearance. He immediately shook hands with the stranger, or tried to do so, when she exclaimed: "Oh, I beg your pardon; but please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures." "And I'm very glad to see you," said Mr. Browning, with ready courtesy. "Take my arm, and I will show you round." The cook here showed that she had the instinctive feelings of a true gentlewoman by not pretending to be a Countess or Duchess or anything but what she was. And it was just the same instinctive politeness that made the poet offer her his arm.

Why are people who are not certain of their position so much harder to get on with than those who are really well-born? Because this uncertainty causes them to hedge themselves round with stiffness and artificiality. They are afraid of allowing themselves to be natural, and will not draw from the fountain of natural politeness, which is in the heart, and which is closely allied to love.

The American writer Emerson was walking in a neglected garden, which, however, contained one particularly beautiful rose. Emerson looked at it admiringly, and then, as if by a sudden impulse, lifted his hat gently, and said, with a low bow, "I take off my hat to it." This was the natural, unconventional action of one

who admired all beauty and worth, but especially when found in a neglected and difficult place.

> "Earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God,
> But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Many of the poor—such, for instance, as the fishermen of Galilee of whom we read in the Bible—had instinctive good manners. I thought of them by way of contrast when one day last winter I got a mocking answer from a fisherman at Antibes in the French Riviera. He was mending his nets when I met him on the shore and asked the way to the place where I was going. The only answer he gave was: "*Suivez votre nez, Monsieur*" ("Follow your nose"). Though a Frenchman he had not good manners.

Wherever there are good hearts, either amongst civilised, half-civilised, or uncivilised people, there are instinctive good manners. Good manners are good feelings. Darwin, who travelled amongst the people of Chili, was out one day with two of the natives, when they were passed by a very fat small negress, riding astride on a mule. She had such an enormous goitre that it was scarcely possible to avoid gazing at her; but his companions, as if in apology, immediately saluted by taking off their hats. "Where," asks Darwin, "would one of

the lower or even higher classes in Europe have shown such feeling politeness to a poor and miserable object of a degraded race? "

When the Chinese have not been spoiled by intercourse with foreigners they are polished and punctilious. If one chair-coolie knock up against another, he will ask his pardon. Respect is always paid to a porter carrying a burden.

There were pirates near Hong Kong who were the mildest-mannered men that ever scuttled ship. On one occasion they captured a junk in which sailed a well-known missionary and another clergyman. The pirates took all their provisions, but they invited them to breakfast on the deck of their own vessel; they sent them to an island in a small boat, but promised to pay them a friendly visit.

Ten Danish children after bathing in the sea began to cry. A gentleman passing asked what was the matter: "Please sir," they replied, "we ought to be ten, but we are only nine, one must have been drowned." Seeing that there were ten children, the gentleman said: "Lie down and put your noses into the sand and then count the holes." They did so and found that their number was complete. The mistake arose from the fact that each child was so polite that he or she did not count himself or herself. This may be only a story, but it shows how gentlemanly

instincts make a person forget self and think of others, make him "a man without a 'me.'"

When M. Loubet was President of the French Republic he used to pay visits to his mother at Montelimar. On these occasions people would see him helping to arrange the stall at which the old lady sold garden produce on market-days. When the first man of France did this he acted as one of Nature's gentlemen, and when he received as his guest in Paris the British sovereign he instinctively did the same. Ruskin remarks of the heroine in Scribe's "Reine d'un Jour," that though a milliner plays the part of a queen, she is never detected, because she is simple and generous, and a queen could be no more.

In Spain and often in Ireland the beggars are instinctively polite. Archbishop Whately had a horror of indiscriminate charity, and one day said to a Dublin mendicant: "I never give to a beggar in the street." "Then where would your Grace like me to wait upon you?" was the reply.

CHAPTER IV

ARE WE LOSING OUR MANNERS?

As manners matter so much, it is very serious if we are now losing them.

Many foreigners say that we in Great Britain have no manners to lose, but we do not agree with them. There is more pretence in the manners of the French, for instance, but they are in their hearts and lives not at all less selfish than the "brutal Saxon." Nor are we much worse mannered than were our grandfathers. They paid more attention to forms and ceremonies, but think of their manner of dealing with women, children, lunatics, criminals, and the weak generally.

Still, our manners are by no means as good as they ought to be. Listen to the way young people now speak to and about their parents and elders generally—in a way that it would be improper to address a blackbeetle. None of us are infallible, not even the youngest, but boys and girls think that they are, and this makes it

difficult for them to honour their fathers and mothers—silly old people, who were born at a time when boys did not smoke paper and girls could blush, were not slangy and did not indulge in "risky" conversation.

There is at the present time a want of reverence for everything in heaven and earth, and this expresses itself in a disregard for the feelings of others, which is the essence of bad manners. At a crowded assembly the other day I heard an elderly lady politely asking a young one if she might sit upon a chair that was beside her. "No; it is engaged," she answered, which was a lie, as I found out afterwards. This lady would have offered the chair with a sweet smile if she had been in society where she was known; but at the time she thought that no one who knew her was observing, so her selfish character displayed itself in being rude to one older than herself.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory," says the Bible, but nowadays we are compelled to dye our hair in order to obtain respect. The youngest girl in the room throws herself into the most comfortable arm-chair, and leaves the aged lady, who has just entered, to find the best substitute she can.

The Bishop of Norwich when passing a pretty cottage which was separated from the road by a

hedge, stopped to admire it. "Oh, please sir," said a voice from the other side of the hedge, "would you open the gate for me?" This the Bishop at once did. Then, to his surprise, instead of the tiny child he had expected, there stepped forth a girl big enough to have opened the gate for herself. "And why, my dear," said Dr. Sheepshanks, "could you not open the gate yourself?" "Please, sir, because the paint's wet," said the girl. A glance at his hand showed the Bishop but too plainly the truth of her statement.

A lady known to me, eighty-four years of age, went up to the son of a baronet, who was sitting cross-legged and was smoking. She said that she had some pleasant messages from his family to give him. The "gentleman" did not uncross his legs, did not stand up, and did not take his pipe out of his mouth.

Men now moving in what is called good society treat women with impunity in a way that would have gained them a horse-whipping, or rather ass-whipping, fifty years ago. It is only too true that these men have, in many cases, been spoiled by fast girls, who, having no respect for themselves, did not exact it from them. If young women have "not the slightest objection and rather like it," men will smoke into their faces, appear before them in any or in scarcely

any clothes, call them by their Christian names, say words and refer to things that should be nameless, and in all other ways illustrate the truth that men respect women as, and only as, women respect themselves.

An observer of what now goes on in society is not surprised that many people should think that we are in danger of losing our manners. Bad manners are said to be very prevalent in connection with public and private entertainments. There are men who seem to think that an invitation to a party is a superfluous formality. They go to large "crushes" without being asked, hoping to escape notice in the crowd. That there is safety in numbers they are quite convinced; and if they were asked, "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" they would not have the grace to remain speechless, but would give some impertinent answer. And when they do receive an invitation, young men of the period leave it unanswered for days in hopes something better may turn up. Nor are their manners more apparent when they go to the party. They take no notice of the hostess and of her daughters. If asked to dance with a lady or to bring her into supper, they say, "Let me see her," as though she were a horse, and then perhaps make the excuse, "I'm engaged," while they whisper the real reason to a like-minded companion—"Not good enough!"

A youth having had a day's good shooting at a certain house, was present in the evening at a local ball, and not only never paid his hostess of the day's shoot—a young and handsome woman—the compliment of asking her to dance, but never so much as acknowledged her presence at the gathering.

A girl of the period the morning after she came on a visit to a country house went into the breakfast-room and finding hot milk for coffee, gave it to her dog. Then, saying that there was nothing she could eat, she rang the bell and ordered some dish of her fancy to be cooked. In a word, though she was not very intimate with her host and hostess, she used their house as a hotel.

Another girl asked a fellow-guest about the "tips" that should be given to the servants, and her candid friend replied: "You need not give much, for your manners have been so bad that you will never be invited again."

The vulgarity of the age is shown by the desire for notoriety that exists. Anything to get one's name into print. And women are more keen for fame or even for infamy than men. They do not believe that she is the best woman who is least spoken of, whether for good or evil.

By our words we are justified and condemned

and the words now commonly used show a falling off in manners. *Punch* lately represented two young ladies describing a hockey match to their grandmother as follows: *Ethel.*—"Well, Gran, we've had a topping game. The other side were bally rotten at the start, but they bucked up no end, and we had a bit of a job to lay 'em out." *Di.*—"Oh, I don't know. I thought they were the most piffling crew of footlers I'd ever struck. We were simply all over 'em, and had 'em in the cart in no time."

A man of the period asks a lady to go into supper in this way: "Any one taking you to feed; shall we toddle down together?" The lady answers, "Right O!" "Well," he continues, "we'd better barge along at once." People speak of a "good sort," of a "rotter," of a "waster," of "bounders," and of "wrong-uns"; say that this or that natural thing is a "freak," or that it is "quite all right" and "ripping." They say that a beautiful thing is "a dream," or use "absolutely" instead of "very." They call that of which they approve "topping" and what they dislike "weird," and pronounce a person "impossible" who is so little "impossible" that he is an actual fact. How prevalent, too, is "the vice of the superlative"! Uneducated upstarts scorn simplicity of language and pile on adjectives.

Listen to the talk of a man of seventy years of age and then to that of one between twenty and thirty. The former clothes his thoughts in a correct morning coat, the latter in a loose lounge coat. How frequently does the rising generation use such expressions as "Oh my!" "Good gracious me!" "You don't mean it?" "You don't say so?" "Did you ever?" "Well, I never?" Then there is the overworking of such words as "awful," "nice," and "sweet." Princess Louise described some tragic event to Lord Tennyson, and said it was "very *awful*." The poet turned to her and remarked, "I am glad, ma'am, you use that word in the right way, and know the full meaning of it—not like the people of to-day who will say 'awfully jolly,' &c."

People are accustoming themselves to conversational carelessness and this spoils their style of speaking and writing. How horrible are the abbreviations that are used! A bicycle is a "bike," luncheon is shortened into "lunch," and so on.

And the Latinised elongations in fashion are equally illiterate. Why do we read in newspapers "inception" rather than "beginning," "residing" instead of living, being "in receipt of" or "the recipient of a letter" instead of "getting a letter"?

There are many tendencies now at work which must, if not counteracted, injure our manners.

There is first the "sick hurry" of modern life. Everybody is heated in the chase after something —social success, letters before or after their names, money, or, it may be, the bare necessities of life. They have no time to pay a *visite de digestion* after a dinner-party or to write a "board and lodging letter" on leaving the house of a friend. Some have no time even to give a smile of recognition to a friend in the street and call out a cheery greeting. On they go in their mad pursuit, and they salute no man by the way.

We have now a democracy and that influences manners. Certainly it is quite possible for these to flourish in a democracy as elsewhere, but our democracy is young, and all things immature and unripe are liable to be sour.

In the year 1832 an elderly couple, peacefully sleeping in their four-poster, were one morning roughly aroused at an early hour by their excited maidservant, who, bursting into the room, bawled out, "It's passed! It's passed!" Extremely annoyed, the old lady called out from inside the bed-curtains, "What's passed, you fool?" "The Reform Bill," shouted the girl, "and we're all equal now"; after which she marched out of the room, purposely leaving the door open to show her equality. We are much

more equal now, to speak in an Irish way, than in 1832, and to show this, people are rough and boorish like this poor servant. They mistake licence for liberty and impudence for independence. They drop "sir," "madam," "please," and "thank you," because they fancy that these civilities are inconsistent with equality!

A child when asked why we should have manners replied "Because it is the custom." This custom seems to be ceasing. The fact that we talk of old-fashioned courtesy shows that to be up to date we must be ungracious and make number one our first consideration.

I asked two old ladies if they thought that people are losing their manners. Both exclaimed: "They're lost, they have no manners," and one of them added: "See how men crush into even first-class railway carriages before ladies." One reason for this may be that woman, who used to be considered the superior of man, has now put herself on an equality with him.

The manners of many of the so-called "lower class" are superior to those of people who think themselves their betters. The social behaviour of the poor and of the lower middle class has improved in an astonishing way during the last fifty years. It is the "upper class" that has come down in this respect.

George Selwyn, who belonged to the "smart set" of his day, when he heard that a butler of one of his friends had been sent to prison, exclaimed: "Good God! What an idea of us that butler will give the convicts!" The idea the "lower orders" are now getting of the "higher orders" from society newspapers and other sources will cause them, it is to be feared, to give up the improved manners they were acquiring and become in this respect as bad as their "betters."

In Great Britain, but more so in America, people have found it easier to amass money than manners. These newly-enriched do not know where they are and think that they can make their position more certain by self-assertion.

It is difficult to say whether our manners are or are not worse than were those of our fathers and mothers; probably they are an improvement on the manners of a hundred years ago. The politeness of those times was often only skin deep, and a good deal occurred daily which would not be tolerated now. Think of the "larks" in which young aristocrats indulged. They used to treat the company in the lowest public-houses and then have free fights, they wrenched knockers off doors, they upset street stalls, they encouraged sports as little manly as cock fighting and bull and bear baiting.

Read the description which Sir Henry Hawkins in his Reminiscences gives of the crowd that attended a great prize fight to which he went when young. "There were fighting men of every species and variety with faces battered into every shape but what might be called human. . . . There were women fighters, more dangerous than the men, because they added cruelty to their ferocity. Their mouths were the outlet for oaths and filthy language. Their clamours deafened our ears and subdued the deep voices of the men, whom they chaffed, reviled, shrieked at, yelled at, and swore at by way of *fun*. Amidst this turbulent rabble rode several members of the peerage and even ministerial supporters of the "noble art," exchanging with the low wretches a word or two of chaff or an occasional laugh" (page 41).

The manners of our "smart set" are surely not worse than those of that "smart set." We shall not dogmatise, however, but leave the question whether we are or are not losing our manners for the consideration of our readers.

CHAPTER V

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

EVERY one is now called a gentleman, but the word tells us on the face of it to whom alone it ought to be applied—to those who are gentle in thought, word, and deed. Too often, however, in our commercial country money is the standard of respectability and gentility. A friend of mine had occasion to examine the marriage register book of a certain parish, and found this note written on the margin beside the name of one of the bridegrooms: "A gentleman, but with less than £300 a year." Let us hope that it was not the clergyman of the parish who made this entry; for to estimate those for whom Christ died after this fashion is most unchristian. People should not be valued by what they have, but by what they are.

Two working-men were discussing what it is to be a gentleman. One said that money made a

gentleman. "But," said the other, "if you saw a donkey laden with gold, and were told that it belonged to him, would you say that he was a gentleman?"

Of the same kind is the error of associating gentlemanliness with money-giving, which in many cases is only ostentation. When Sir Walter Scott visited Ireland, and went to see St. Kevin's Bed, near Glendalough, a Mr. Plunkett, who accompanied him, told the female guide that the visitor was a poet. "Poet?" said she, "sorra a bit of him, but an honourable gentleman; he gave me half a crown!" So cabby thinks that any one who gives him double his fare is "a real gentleman."

Others, deceived by appearances, fancy that clothes make a gentleman. A friend told me that the other day, coming over from Ireland, he heard two men in the steamer talking of a third. "Who, or what is he?" one of them asked. "I don't know," was the reply; "but he is a gentleman: he always wears a tall hat." In order to wear frock-coats and tall hats many become clerks who would be better off as artisans.

A hundred years ago the members of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, were called "Emmanuel gentlemen" because they dined at the fashionably late hour of three o'clock and

had their wigs or pig-tails dressed for the occasion.

You will find bad manners peeping out from silks, satins, and broadcloths, and, on the other hand, true gentlemanly and ladylike feeling exhibited by the wearers of clothes stained with the marks of honest manual labour. He is a gentleman, no matter to what class he belongs, who has regard for the feelings of others.

The term "walking gentleman" is sometimes given to a man who does nothing but walk about and amuse himself, but a very different name should be given to this sort of person. An American young lady asked an Englishman who was travelling in the States what his father was, to what business or profession he belonged. "To none," was the reply; "but I suppose that you have none of that class of people?" "Why, certainly," replied the lady, "we have lots of them; they are here called tramps." A man who does not do his share of the world's work, either with head or hands, is a thief or tramp rather than a gentleman.

Even the South Sea Islanders, who murdered Bishop Patteson, understood that every true gentleman is a worker. When the Bishop first went among them he surprised them by being ready to put his hand to anything. He would do a bit of carpentering, wash up the things

after meals, teach the young blacks to wash and dress themselves. Other white men seen by the natives were lazy, and wanted to put all the work on them, so to distinguish the bishop from these they called him a "gentleman gentleman," and the others "pig gentlemen."

In China long nails on the fingers are considered as gentlemanly as they are slovenly in England, because they show that the possessor of them does no manual labour. The Chinese notion of a gentleman is very much what used to prevail in Ireland, where a gentleman was one who never did anything for himself or for any one else since he came into the world.

That it is derogatory to the dignity of a gentleman to do manual work was ridiculed by *Punch* in this way. A cartoon introduced two servant-maids belonging to a lodging-house who were criticising a new arrival. One of them said, "He seems to be a nice man, but not a gentleman," and she went on to explain why she did not think that he could be a gentleman. She was the day before carrying upstairs a large scuttle full of coals and she met the new lodger. He asked her if he might help her, and taking the scuttle, carried it up for her. "Now, of course," was her remark upon this, "no gentleman would do that." But this is just what a true gentleman would do, especially if he wished

to fulfil the law of Christ, which is that we should bear one another's burdens, including coal-scuttles.

The term "gentleman" is sometimes only given to one who is said to "know his grandfathers," but the man who has this knowledge only differs from the man who has it not in this, that the former knows that many of his ancestors deserved to be hanged while the other remains in blissful ignorance of the probable fact.

Certainly the phrases *Noblesse oblige* and "It takes three generations to make a gentleman" teach the fact that breeding counts for as much in men as in other animals, but the good stock from which good men spring is not in one class only, but in all classes and also in the masses. This is the so-called worship of ancestors that constitutes the inspiring patriotism of the Japanese.

To the question "What is it to be a gentleman?" Thackeray replies as follows: "It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. He should be a loyal son and a true husband; his life should be decent, his bills should be paid, his taste should be elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble." He should have the

esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the love of his fireside; he should bear good fortune, suffer evil with constancy, and through good or evil always maintain truth."

Dickens, in "Barnaby Rudge," has contrasted a gentleman in sorrow and persecution and a cad in sensuality and sloth: Haredale, who lived up to his rule that no man should deviate from the path of honour, and Chester, who never did an "ungentlemanly" action, according to his own definitions, and never did a manly one. In the same social position no two men could be more unlike. Haredale, severe in his self-restraint, was tender in his compassion for others and always ready to help them. Chester, never denying himself an indulgence, was pitiless and vindictive.

The true gentleman is tested, not in a yacht, but in a lifeboat; not on parade, but on active service. When Lord Roberts was speaking of the conduct even of the private soldiers under his command in South Africa, he said that they "behaved like gentlemen." They had learned self-restraint, they had learned to suffer and be strong.

"Once a gentleman, always a gentleman" is a true saying. Wellington used to say of George IV. that no one could act the part of a gentleman better than he could for ten

minutes. This sort of a man, even though he be a king, is an amateur gentleman—that is, one who only plays at the thing, rather than a real one. Manners of the right sort cannot be put off any more than can the skin. A true gentleman is gentle not only to his superiors, but to those who are considered below him in the social scale ; not only to strangers, but in the privacy of his home.

A servant who prided herself on being employed in a "genteel family," was asked what she meant by a "genteel family." "Where they have two or three kinds of wine, and the gentleman swears!" was the reply. If this poor girl had had more experience, she would have known that one certain mark of a true gentleman is that he respects and controls himself. The phrase "as drunk as a lord" points to the time when public opinion did not expect lords and gentlemen to control their passions, but happily this state of things has ceased. No one would now say "As drunk as a gentleman," for if a man drinks he is not considered a gentleman.

I once saw in Billingsgate fish market a notice requesting people to "filter their language." This gentlemen do. A young fellow was engaged to a lady to whom he was greatly attached. All was going merrily as a marriage-

bell when one day the girl heard her lover swearing at an old servant. From that day she took an aversion to him, and broke off the engagement. "I am truly sorry," she said to him, "but my husband must be a gentleman, and gentlemen don't swear; besides, the man who would curse his servant would probably do the same to his wife when the bloom of youth had faded from her cheek."

To an American Army officer who remarked "There are no ladies present," and was proceeding to tell a dirty story, General Grant said, "No, but there are gentlemen."

CHAPTER VI

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

AN old English poet has described the Lord Jesus Christ in these words :

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about Him was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—
> The first true Gentleman that ever breathed."

It was from this " first true Gentleman " that St. Paul learned to write the best treatise on manners ever written—that is to say, the thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. In this he says that charity or love " suffereth long, and is kind ; envieth not ; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil," and so on, until every characteristic of a true gentleman is described.

We remember how the same Apostle began the great speech which he delivered at Athens by endeavouring to conciliate his audience, and

how all his letters are full of sympathy and consideration for the feelings of others. "It is a great comfort to me," remarked a Scotch lady, "when reading St. Paul's Epistles to remember that the writer was a gentleman."

In one of his letters St. Paul writes, "I beseech you by the gentleness of Christ." It is only the God of patience who can make us patient, kind, and tolerant towards each other. One of the fruits of the Spirit is gentleness.

"A rough Christian!" said a dog to a hedgehog; but if the dog had known more about the matter he would have been aware that a true Christian is never a *rough*, but a *gentle* man in thought, word, and deed.

Rather more than sixty years ago there was a lawsuit in which Trinity College, Dublin, was concerned. On this occasion Rev. John Barrett, familiarly styled "Jacky Barrett," had to give evidence. The barrister who cross-examined him, thus records his experience: "I examined Dr. Barrett, a little, greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost, who knew nothing on earth save books and guineas. I worked at him unsuccessfully more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce. At length he grew tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. 'Indeed!' exclaimed he,

'I did not know you were a Christian,' —a repartee which caused great laughter."

To some baptized and highly "respectable" persons one is tempted to say, on hearing them make profession of religion, while they are unkind and unsympathetic in their everyday lives, "I didn't know you were Christians."

Let us think a little of what is said by the Apostle about that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues. And first, it is longsuffering and kind. We have been forgiven, oh, how much, by God; ought we not to forgive the little debt owed to us? If God can tolerate some one whose opinions and practice we dislike, surely we may do so.

It has been said that the test of good manners is to be able to put up pleasantly with the bad manners of others.

We cannot make ourselves to be as we like; why should we be impatient if we cannot make others as we like? Charity distinguishes between weakness and malice. In extenuation of faults, it puts down to education somewhat, and to natural temperament somewhat, and to unavoidable surroundings somewhat. It is always on the lookout for an opportunity of saying a helping word or doing a kind action.

"Love envieth not." So long as a good thing is done, the charitable man cares little whether

he does it or some one else. He knows that all gifts and superiority are from God, and if he observes that others are more talented than himself, he rejoices that Sparta has so many worthier sons.

Love "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." Snobs unduly depreciate others and unduly appreciate themselves.

The man who makes himself great and others small has not in him the grace of love. If he had he would not be puffed up with a sense of his own importance, and be, like Herod, half eaten up with pride, before being entirely eaten by worms.

"Love does not behave itself unseemly." It avoids conduct that others think unseemly, with sympathetic consideration for their wishes.

"Charity seeketh not her own." That is, the charitable man is no unyielding stickler for rights and prescriptions, but would rather err on the side of claiming less than he is lawfully entitled to than he would endanger goodwill. He certainly will not allow himself to forget that others have rights too. The same Apostle says, in another place: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Only vulgarians are grasping. The next clause is altered in the Revised edition. The word "easily" is omitted. We

read "is not provoked," instead of "easily provoked," and this gives better sense. A man even with little or no religion is not easily provoked if he be a sensible man who understands the world, and does not expect too much from human nature. The love of a Christian, however, is different from such prudential moderation. It can control anger and provocation altogether. The Christian gentleman turns a deaf ear to scandal, and puts the best construction possible upon people's actions. He is not touchy and prone to take offence.

Love taketh no account of, or reckoneth not evil. The Authorised Version here, "thinketh no evil," is so beautiful that one cannot but wish it had been a correct translation. Yet to take no account of, or to reckon not evil, in the sense of to forgive, is much the same thing. Some one said to Socrates: "May I die unless I am avenged upon you!" To which he answered: "May I die if I do not make a friend of you!"

Charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity," because, rejoicing in the spread of truth and holiness, it sheds a tear on a brother's fall. "It beareth," or, rather, "covereth," all things—hiding a neighbour's fault under the best explanation truth will admit. "It believeth all things" in a brother's favour so long as rational evidence will allow, and will go on "hoping all things,"

even when sufficient evidence for favourable belief is taken away.

Courtesy is "the fine flower of Charity," and in this "triumph-song of love" we have the description of a Christian gentleman. We might compare it with the fifteenth Psalm, which is also descriptive of a true gentleman in the original, proper sense of the word. "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour. In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord." If a man be a Christian gentleman, the fact will be known by his cat, his dog, his horse, his children, his servants, and every living being that comes in his way. To each and all he will display the gentler graces. "In honour preferring one another" is the sacred rule; and it is also the law of good breeding. "Honour all men"; "Be courteous." St. Francis of Assisi used to ask: "Know thou not that courtesy is of God's own properties, who sendeth His rain and His sunshine upon the just and the unjust out of His great courtesy; verily, courtesy is the sister of Charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes Love." The only true refinement, that which

goes deep down into the character, comes from Christian charity or love.

La Fontaine found his heavy, coarse appearance a serious disadvantage. He once said: "I do wish I looked like a gentleman." The way, not merely to look like, but to be, a gentleman is to speak gentle words and do gentle deeds—in fact, to become a follower of Jesus Christ.

We hear much of schemes for refining and beautifying the lives of the dim millions; but nothing can really do this except true religion. Christianity desires to make them all gentlemen in the proper sense of that much-abused word. If any one say that it is absurd to expect the masses ever to attain to such refinement and elevation, we reply by asking, "Is it absurd to expect that they may become Christian? And if Christian, can they be anything else than true ladies and gentlemen?"

There will always be class distinctions, for the simple reason that ability, perseverance, and good character must make people to differ; but the name of "gentleman" or "lady" may be deserved by every individual.

Sometimes we are surprised to find people who with no advantages of birth, money, or position exhibit in their manner the sympathetic tact and delicacy of feeling that belong to true gentlefolk. When we come to know more

about them we find that they have been much with Jesus. They may well be called God Almighty's gentlemen, for He it is who has made them what they are. The main object of religion is not to get a man into Heaven, but to get Heaven into him.

It is the fashion to talk about religion and to be engaged in fussy philanthropy, but this is a poor substitute for that true charity which is the essence of good manners.

Christianity has given to the world the following recipe for good manners :

Of Unselfishness, three drachms;
Of the Tincture of Good Cheer, one ounce;
Of the Essence of Heart's Ease, three drachms;
Of the Extract of the Rose of Sharon, four ounces;
Of the Oil of Charity, three drachms and no scruples;
Of the Infusion of Common-sense and Tact, one ounce;
Of the Spirit of Love, two ounces.
The mixture to be taken whenever there is a symptom of selfishness, exclusiveness, meanness, or I-am-better-than-you-ness.

It was urged in defence of a poor specimen's having been appointed bishop at the time when the Church of England was at its lowest, that although he did not know anything about Christianity he was not hostile to it. Even this much cannot be said of a Christian who is not a gentleman or of a gentleman who is not a Christian. Such an one not only does not know what Christianity is, but he is hostile to it.

CHAPTER VII

A REAL LADY

IT was said by a witty woman: "Some gentlemen who are gentlemen are not gentlemen, and some gentlemen who are not gentlemen are gentlemen."

Equally so, some who are ladies in the conventional sense are not really ladies, and others who are not considered ladies by society are ladies in feeling and in conduct. The poor are especially quick in distinguishing between the genuine article and shoddy. They know who is who. A district visitor may be economically dressed, and may have mixed little in society, but if she have refined instincts, and be considerate for others, they will say that she is a real lady.

When I was stationed at Bermuda, a negress one day came to my wife, who was sitting in the verandah of our bungalow, and asked, "Are you the woman that wants a lady to nurse your

baby?" In that country the black women always call themselves ladies and their white sisters women.

A titled lady of whom I know used to say that she was the only woman in the parish. All the rest were ladies.

"Lady" is derived from two Saxon words, and means literally a loaf-giver, or one who distributes bread. The word points to home as the special sphere of woman's duties, and teaches us that she is more of a lady who looks after the feeding and other duties connected with a household than she who leads a useless life, and only thinks of dress and gossip.

The Lord Jesus was made known to His disciples in breaking of bread, and may He not be found by ladies, or loaf-givers, when they go through the drudgery of household duties well for His sake? He who gave loaves to the multitude will acknowledge ladies, or loaf-givers, as fellow-workers with Himself, especially if they gather up the fragments, and allow nothing to be lost in their houses.

If women knew half as much about the purchase and preparation of food as they do of scandal and fashions, there would be greater health and happiness, fewer bachelors, and a larger realisation generally of the kingdom of Heaven on earth than there is now.

Even now, when woman's work has been more or less organised, there is in behind-the-times parts of the country a little prejudice against a girl who determines to spare her parents by earning her own living. She is not thought so much of socially as she who does nothing but kill time, and possibly birds or foxes, or as the golf-girl, the hockey-girl, or the girl who devotes her life to the propulsion of some kind of ball. If, however, there is dignity in labour, and to be idle is to tempt the devil, the working girl or woman is more religious and more really a lady than she who has nothing to do and does it.

When I see a girl on her knees scrubbing a floor, I think of the old saying, "To labour is to pray," and look not down on her (though she is down physically), but up to her as to one engaged in a religious exercise. Is she not also a more real lady than the lazy fashionable girl who gives this piece of sententious advice, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can get your mother to do to-day?"

Husband (shivering): "It is bitterly cold. Why don't you button up your jacket?" *Wife:* "The idea! Why, if I did that, no one would know it is lined with fur."

Well-made, well-mended, well-brushed, and neatly-put-on clothes proclaim a real lady, but ostentatiously expensive gowns and hats may

only suggest poverty of head and heart and vulgarity of feeling. Was not our mother Eve a more real lady before she disobeyed than afterwards when innocence had gone, and she thought that she ought to provide herself with clothes?

The best tailor-made frock in the world will not make a real lady. There must be something underneath, even a heart right with God and man. A "dream of a hat" is a nightmare on the head of a fool.

Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, thus spoke of Mary of Modena: "She had every royal quality—generosity, courtesy, and judgment; never spoke unkindly of any one, and *was clean!*" Imagine the state of society when personal cleanliness was a sufficiently remarkable quality to merit special mention! Our manners and customs have certainly improved in this respect, for no one now with any pretensions to be a lady is unclean in her person.

A real lady does not dress in a bizarre way, substitute scent for soap, smoke in the street, nor do anything that would make her an object of undue attention. She does not spoil herself to make a caricature of a man. She leaves it to those who are not quite ladies to imitate men and to have their reward, the reward being that men admire them as little as women admire effeminate men. It is natural that each sex

should get tired of his or her sex and desire a change.

The voice of a real lady is soft and her answers gentle. "My child," said a father to his daughter, "treat everybody with politeness, even though they are rude to you; for remember that you show courtesy to others, not because they are ladies, but because you are one." A person who treats us badly injures himself so that we should pity him rather than be cross to him.

Miss Disdain prides herself on saying smart, sarcastic things, on being able to run people down and make little of them. She is an expert in cutting and slighting friends as well as enemies. With what fine scorn she looks at the girl who has a better feather in her hat than she has, on the woman who "is not quite in our set, you know," on the man who is foolish enough to prefer her to a better-natured girl! This sort of individual may be popular, and much "in the swim," but she is not a real lady.

In the lately published letters of Maria Edgeworth we find that she is constantly writing, "How good people are!" and "How kind people are!" She seems to have been able to inoculate every one with her own geniality. It is so always. The world and its inhabitants are to us very much what we are to them. We must

give in order to take. A little girl being asked why everybody loved her, replied very simply, "I do not know, except it be that I love every one."

His parishioners had made a presentation to a curate on his marriage, and he began a speech thanking them in this way: "I will not call you 'ladies and gentlemen,' for I know you too well for that." This should have been expressed differently, but if the clergyman knew that the people addressed had the qualities of real ladies and gentlemen, there was no other appellation more suitable to give to them.

CHAPTER VIII

COURTEOUS CHILDREN

A MIDDLE-AGED man the other day, being asked if he liked the liver wing of a chicken, replied, "I hardly know, I have so seldom eaten it; when I was a boy my father took it, and now my children eat it." There in a nutshell is the change that has taken place in the attitude of children towards their parents and towards grown-up people generally.

Another illustration of this change is furnished by the answer given by a boy to a tobacconist who had refused to serve him with cigarettes because he was under sixteen: "Oh, that's all right; I'll send father for them."

The disappearance of the Heavy Father from the English stage is true to life, for to-day the Heavy Son and the Heavy Daughter are more common than the heavy parents.

The manners of the boy of the period is well described in the following ironical advice of *Punch:*

"A boy's manner towards his parents should

be condescending and even friendly; but it is a mistaken kindness to admit them to too much familiarity.

"He should, as far as convenient, adopt approximately the hours appointed by his parents for meals.

"He will easily realise the advantage of having a parent at table, as a butt or foil.

"He may always safely assume that his parents' views are out of date.

"In any case he should guard against allowing it to be imagined that any intelligent idea, accidentally propounded by them, had not previously occurred to him.

"He is not called upon to notice any attempts at humour ventured upon by either of them.

"It should always be borne in mind that they are subject to the disadvantage of having spent their early years without his guidance and example.

"It may be safely asserted that in no case can a boy's good qualities be attributable to his parents or otherwise than to himself.

"At the same time he should give them the credit of having originally contributed, in a modest degree, to the fortunate circumstance of his having come into existence.

"A boy should never despair of improving his parents.

"He should permit them to express an opinion before correcting it, and when doing so his manner should be expressive rather of pity than of contempt.

"He should avoid demonstrative ridicule for his parents' friends.

"A boy is not called upon to acknowledge a parent's letter unless accompanied by a remittance.

"A parent's errors may proceed from the head, from the heart, or from both, while a boy is not liable to error; and allowance should be made accordingly."

I know a so-called girl who has side-pockets in which she keeps her hands, who wears short hair and a man's hat, who, when sitting, crosses her legs and holds one boot, and when walking brandishes a stick, who whistles, runs her fingers through her hair, and feels for a moustache which has not yet appeared. Her conversation is slangy, risky, and profane. She smokes, and asks occasionally in smoking-rooms for a whisky-and-soda. This mannish production keeps a mother for the sake, it would seem, of shocking and tormenting her. She scolds her for what she does and for what she does not do, and the poor woman tries not to offend in future.

Young people have now so many "'ologies" to cram, and there are so many games at

which they are expected to excel, that they have little time to learn manners. Sometimes even in school their desire to be pert gets the better of them. On several occasions I had told a religious instruction class that we had two ears and only one mouth so that we should listen twice as much as we speak. After some time I asked the question why we have two ears and only one mouth. A girl put out her hand and answered, "We have two ears in order that what goes in at one ear in school may go out at the other."

Years ago, in Ireland, two pence, or a penny, or a few pieces of turf were brought to the schoolmaster each week by every scholar, in payment for tuition in manners. Accordingly it would be said of a rude boy, "Oh, he never paid his two pence." Parents have now long bills to pay for their children at fashionable schools, but frequently the young people do not receive two pence worth of instruction in manners in return. Three boys from Eton, Harrow, and Winchester were in a room when a lady entered. The Eton boy asked languidly if some fellow ought not to give a chair to the lady; the Harrow boy slowly brought one, and the Winchester boy deliberately sat down on it.

To pass by when a Board School is dismissed is a trial to a nervous, modest, or reverential

person. The children have no manners, and their habits are beastly. An old lady friend of the writer was nearly knocked down by six big girls with linked arms rushing up and down the street so that, as in the case of the Gadarene demoniacs, no man might pass by that way.

"What is righteous indignation?" a child was asked, and answered, "Being angry and not swearing." The indignation of many school children is not righteous, for in their quarrels they use very bad language indeed.

We certainly do know one school where manners are considered of as much importance as arithmetic or geography. Lately, I was visiting a very poor woman, and she produced and showed to me with pride a prize for politeness which her son had gained at this school. It would be well if politeness were encouraged like this in all schools, for though all boys cannot be clever or learned, all can be unselfish and well-mannered. And if they are, they will gain valuable prizes in after-life.

Grosseteste, who was born in 1175, and became Bishop of Lincoln, was of very humble parentage. One day a nobleman asked him how he had gained his courtly manner. Grosseteste replied that he had from boyhood studied the manners of the best men of Holy Scripture.

A class of boys in a Board School were being

examined in Scripture. "What can you tell me about Moses?" asked the inspector; "what sort of a man was he?" "Please, sir, he was a gentleman," piped forth a pale-faced, bright-eyed lad of eleven or thereabouts. "Gentleman!" repeated the inspector, with a look of surprise; "what do you mean?" The little boy promptly replied, "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water the shepherds came and drove them away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'"

We cannot help thinking that if a time should come when the Bible should cease to be taught in our schools, not only would large morals, so to speak, suffer irreparable loss, but that the same thing would take place in reference to little morals or good manners.

An old lady in France last winter remarked to me that she was glad she had no grandchildren, for the French child is now brought up without religion, and therefore without reverence or politeness.

Manners should be taught in a mannerly way, and not as I once overheard a soldier's wife trying to teach them. She was bringing Tommy, her only and well-beloved child, to a garrison Christmas-tree, and at the door of the gym-

nasium, where the fête was held, she said, "Now, Tommy, mind your manners; smile and look pleasant, or when I gets you out again I'll break every bone in your body." A child has a right to a share of civility as well as an adult, and it ruins his manners if he does not get it.

Who can tell the possibilities that are buttoned up under that boy's jacket or that girl's pinafore? When Trebonius, the schoolmaster of Luther, came into his schoolroom he used to take off his hat and say, "I uncover to the future senators, counsellors, wise teachers, and other great men that may come forth from this school." So, too, General Garfield, a great President of the United States, frequently remarked that he never passed a ragged boy in the street without feeling that one day he might owe him a salute.

When a boy is respected in this way he respects himself, and acquires the manners which his best friends wish him to have in after-life.

Children often make remarks that show how closely they observe the manners of their grown-up friends, and how necessary it is that a good example be set to them.

A Board School girl told me that she never intended to marry. "Before you marry, it's you shall 'ave this and you shall 'ave that, you shall go 'ere and you shall go there; but when

once you are married, if you don't belong to 'im body and soul, why, you gits 'it on the 'ead. My big sister's married, and I know."

In China parents are held responsible for the manners of their children ; accordingly, for the credit of their parents, people try to be polite. If you are mobbed in a Chinese town, you should look straight at one or two of the people and say, "Your parents did not pay much attention to your manners ; they did not teach you the rules of propriety." A remark like this will make the crowd slink away, one by one, ashamed of themselves.

Celestials observe that in Western countries when a son comes of age he goes where he likes, does what he chooses, and has no necessary connection with his parents nor they with him, and they think this the behaviour of a grown calf or colt to the cow or mare, proper for brutes but not for human beings.

Few will deny that the manners of the Chinese to their parents and to old people generally are better than are ours, though we may think that some of the examples of filial piety that are held up in Chinese books for emulation go to an absurd length. One example is that of a certain Lae. This worthy, when seventy years of age, fearing that his years might distress his parents by reminding them of their greater age, used to dress as an infant and play about the room.

CHAPTER IX

MANNERS AMENDMENT SOCIETIES

IF some families are too censorious to their members, others go to the opposite extreme and see no good in any person who has not the honour of belonging to them. Husband and wife praise each other as though they were trying to make you envy their matrimonial success. Father tells of the achievements of his sons in learning and in games, and mother of the beauty and conquests of her daughters. Brothers and sisters only seem to care to talk to each other, and they praise each other so much that you become uncomfortable in the presence of perfection.

Instead of this sort of mutual admiration society a family should form a manners amendment society, and each member should try first to amend his or her own manners and then those of the others.

When we see hedges being clipped, or fruit-trees in our gardens pruned, we ought to ask ourselves, "What clipping and pruning do I

want?" When hair grows upon the wrong place, or any other "sport of nature" appears, we try to remove it, and surely we ought to be equally anxious to clip off rude habits when they begin to form.

Talking slang, having fast, mannish manners, and other objectionable shoots in his wife a husband can clip off when they are young and tender by the pruning-knife of sweet reasonableness.

Many husbands are only too ready and willing to find fault with their wives, but this is done, not with a loving desire to improve these ladies, but as an outlet for their own bad tempers. It is very different with a generous-hearted husband who sincerely loves his wife. If he has to speak to her about her faults, he does it tenderly, humbly, unwillingly, sadly, yet with sufficient plainness not to have to do it twice over. In paining her he wounds his own flesh. The pain is necessary, but the hand of love so inflicts it that it quickly heals. And here we may drop the hint that a husband or a wife influences not so much by direct exhortation as by consistent example.

But it is the wife and mother who is the head gardener, so to speak, and chiefly responsible for the clipping that has to be done in a family. A good wife keeps her husband in shape by

continual pruning. If he says anything silly, she affectionately tells him so. If he declares that he will do some absurd thing, she finds means to prevent him doing it. A wife is a wholesome, though at times painful, pair of shears that clip off the growths of marital self-conceit, folly, and sin. If Dr. Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange-peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Goldsmith had been married, he would never have worn that ridiculous and memorable coat. Whenever you find a man talking absurdly, oddly dressed, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be sure he is not married. If he were these wrong growths would have been clipped off by his wife. What was said of the poet Campbell by a friend writing to Lady Mackintosh might have been said of a thousand other men: "I have seldom seen so strong an argument from experiment in favour of matrimony as the change it has effected in the general tone of his temper and manners."

It is true that all wives do not improve their husbands. Indeed, so far are some of them from doing this that they clip off only the good shoots, and leave alone those that are worthless or growing in the wrong direction.

Men cannot be chivalrous and self-denying if women do not give them opportunities. Instead of this, some fondly foolish wives encourage their husbands in rudeness and selfishness by not demanding, and even insisting, upon that attention, consideration, and help which every woman, much more a wife, may claim from a man. Sometimes it is a woman's "highest pleasure" to bear all her husband's burdens. To secure the highest pleasure she makes her husband weak, inefficient, and childishly selfish.

Very different was the wife of Sir James Mackintosh. She was a model husband-clipper. He says that by the tender management of his weaknesses she gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. "She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence."

Even Carlyle on one occasion thus wrote to his absent wife: "But oh, my dear Jeannie, do help me to be a little softer, to be a little merciful to all men, even gigmen. Why should a man . . . let Satan have dominion over him? Save me, save me, my Goody!"

But a wife will not be able to save her husband from evil if she do not try at the same time to save herself from evil. She must not only desire to have him good, but deserve to have him so. "Men," says Rousseau, "will always be what women make them; if, therefore, you would have men great and virtuous, impress upon the minds of women what greatness and virtue are." A husband will submit to be trimmed and pruned by his wife if he respect and love her, but not otherwise. He must see clearly that her object is to make the most of him, and not the most out of him, thus differing from a young wife who said that she could do anything she liked with her husband. "How?" "When he won't do what I like, I just take to bed. The other day I wanted twenty pounds, and he would only give me ten, so I took to bed, and soon brought him to his senses."

Wives would manage their husbands better if they did not forget the arts they used to please them when these husbands were only their lovers. Before marriage a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes, after marriage with her tongue. She thinks deeply about the frock or even the ribbon to be worn when the lover is expected; anything put on anyhow will do for the husband returning home after working hard all day for her. Then, there are women who

are too "new" and too high and mighty to attend to that maxim which good husband-managers have handed down from the earliest times—"Feed the brute." Husbands *mis-*managed in this way will not submit to shears and pruning hooks. Neither will they if these instruments are displayed and brandished about. The sweet and modest influence for good which a wife should seek to gain over her husband will never be reached by sharp, bitter words, or by fits of sullen pride, or by the assumption of masterful airs, or by dictatorial lecturing. Rather it will be won by gracious looks, by tender little acts of love, by soft, persuasive words, by gentle, hardly-perceptible leading.

Nothing makes a husband so amenable to discipline as the knowledge that his wife still believes in him. Occasionally, then, she should give him a word of praise, and tell him that as husbands go he is not a bad average one. This will preserve his self-respect and make him feel that he has a character to keep. An ounce of praise is worth a pound of nagging. Indeed, nagging constantly applied to a husband is as cruel as wife-beating, and should be put down by law. Is it a too dangerous suggestion that once a year a wife should allow her husband to think that he knows something, and should let him have the last word? After doing this she

can give him an extra clipping, and he will submit to it.

The most difficult practical problem which parents have to solve is to know when they should leave their children alone and when they should guide their instincts, feelings, and habits.

Certainly the moral and social natures of children require some clipping and pruning, and this must be begun at an early age.

"And do you behave always like a gentleman, Walter?" asked a visitor. "No," replied Walter. "I'm not old enough for a gentleman, but I try to be a gentle boy." Walter was right, for if good manners are not acquired early in life they are seldom got at all. A man learns to be kind and gentle, graceful and deferential, *au fait* in small things when he is a boy, for what is a boy but a man in the making? A child should never be allowed, much less encouraged, to say or do anything, however funny it may seem, which could hurt a person's feelings.

I knew a mother who said that it gave her great pleasure to see her baby sitting in the middle of the dinner-table and putting his feet into the gravy; but baby ought not to be allowed to do this or anything else that inconveniences other people. From earliest years he should be taught to consider others, and not himself only.

If a man is well-mannered, it is because he has had a nice mother or has early married a girl who knew how wisely to wield a moral and social pruning knife. If a mother spoil a son by allowing him to do what he likes, she is very cruel, for a spoiled child is always unhappy, and the cause of unhappiness in others. "Love well, whip well." When a mother pleases her children she pleases herself, and is therefore continually tempted to sacrifice the future welfare of the little ones to their present satisfaction.

An Irish boy, importunate in his requests, was thus reproved by his mother: "Why are you so tiresome? Can't you be like little Johnnie, who sits there quietly in the corner, and never asks for anything?" The lad only shrugged his shoulders and grumpily replied: "Humph! and I don't see that he ever gets anything ayther." What a chivalrous husband this just mother was preparing for some unfortunate wife! Surely her daughter-in-law would rise up and call her blessed.

A servant wrote these words to a newspaper: "Some of the upper classes never seem to have anything else to do but look after our morals. One would think they had none of their own, a conclusion, indeed, to which one is necessarily drawn by overhearing some of their conversation."

And yet the heads of a household are nearly as responsible for their servants as they are for their children. As parents spoil their children and wonder at the results, so do employers their servants. At one time they provoke them about trifles, at other times they allow them to do as they like. Now they treat them with extreme coldness, on other occasions undue familiarity is permitted.

If we want really good servants, we must make them ourselves; but it is much easier to mar than to make.

A hall-door bell rang, and a Roman Catholic servant-girl was bidden to say that her mistress was not at home. She answered, "Yes, ma'am; and when I confess to the priest shall I confess it as your sin or mine?" Instead of trying to lead their servants into the good way, some employers, by their carelessness, start them in an opposite direction. Young girls are allowed to go out in the evenings, and, if their work is done next day, no questions are asked. Dishonesty is made easy by carelessly leaving money about, or by not demanding a strict account of money entrusted. Badly-done work is put up with. Unpunctuality, untidiness, waste, and all sorts of irregularity are passed over without censure—as if it were not the truest kindness in a mistress so to train her servants that they

may not be spoiled by an "easy place" for the very hard one of matrimony in their sphere.

"But, Jane, if your mother didn't teach you how to sweep, what did she intend would become of you?" "She intended me to get married, miss."

There is a sympathy of severity, and it is needed in family government as in all other kinds of government. Many a servant-girl has gone to the bad because at some critical time her mistress did not give her a good sharp reprimand.

Employers spoil their servants from fear oftener than from regard. They pass over many faults because they do not like the sulky looks and impertinent reply with which a rebuke is received.

If servants are not now what they were, neither are employers. If the former change from place to place, the latter are also restless and dissatisfied. Servants used to "enter the family," and share, to some degree, its joys and sorrows; but employers were also accustomed to give them more interest and sympathy.

Part of Miss Harriet Martineau's ideal of happiness was to have young servants whom she might train and attach to herself. At the time of the Crimean War, when settled in a house of her own, she was in the habit of calling her

maids in the evening, and pointing out to them on a map the operations of the campaign; for she thought that young Englishwomen should take an intelligent interest in the doings of their country.

Mrs. Carlyle was another mother-mistress to her servants, though her letters have made the world acquainted with the incessant contests which she was obliged to wage with "mutinous maids-of-all-work," as Carlyle called them. One of these maids was untidy, useless in all ways, but "abounding in grace," and in consequent censure of every one above or below her, and of everything she couldn't understand. After a long apostrophe one day, as she was bringing in dinner, Carlyle ended with, "And this I can tell you, that if you don't carry the dishes straight, so as not to spill the gravy, so far from being tolerated in heaven, you won't be even tolerated on earth." It was better to teach the poor creature, even in this rough way than not at all, that she ought to put her religion into the daily round and common tasks of her business.

A wise mistress studies her servants, and values their co-operation.

> "She heedeth well their ways;
> Upon her tongue the law of kindness dwells;
> With wisdom she dispenses blame or praise,
> And ready sympathy her bosom swells."

She sees that their meals are regularly served, and that they are undisturbed during the time set apart for them. She does not think that any hole will do for a servant's bedroom. When caring for the children, that they may have their little entertainments and enjoyments to brighten their lives, she includes the servants in the circle of her sympathies, and is always on the watch to make them feel that they are an integral part of the home, and that, if they have to work for it and to bear its burden, they are not excluded from a real share in its interests and joys. In a word, she feels for them and with them, and, as a rule, they do their best for her.

It is true that when you have done all that justice and kindness dictate, servants may requite you with ingratitude, and make capital out of your instruction, going elsewhere and getting higher wages ; but don't be discouraged. Look upon your labour as a sort of "home mission" and "do good, hoping for nothing again." Your work is far more satisfactory than that of the tract distributor or district visitor, and you may be quite certain that you have sent a fellow-creature on her way all the better for having known you.

CHAPTER X

MANNERS AT HOME

A GOOD text for an address at a marriage service is "Be courteous" (1 Peter iii. 8), for more coldness and quarrels in married life come from a disregard of courtesy than from any other cause.

Which of us, observing a man and woman together and conjecturing their relationship, has not said or thought: "They cannot be married, they are too polite"?

Husband and wife think they can with impunity neglect small civilities because they understand each other, but they cannot. It does not "pay" to be indifferent to the feelings of any one, but least of all to those of a life-partner. When people are tied for life, it is their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another, and the best possible safeguards they can adopt are kindness and civility. How the whole day is rendered dismal and disagreeable when there has been "a storm" in the breakfast "tea-

cup" between husband and wife! As far as happiness goes, each must confess in the evening, "I have lost a day."

"Oh! what matter? It's only my wife." So spoke a man in my hearing when accepting an invitation to join some friends at the hour he had promised to be at home to help his wife to entertain a party of especially invited guests. "'*Only* my wife!' I thought. God help her!" Only a wife, only a husband! Why, no two people can torment each other more than husband and wife, therefore they should be especially careful not to break appointments or disregard in any way each other's feelings.

"I hope that it was not your husband that gave you that black eye," remarked a doctor to a poor woman. "No, sir," was the reply. "My husband is more like a friend than a husband."

"No stranger," says O. W. Holmes, "can get *many* notes of torture out of a human soul. That requires one who knows it well. Such an one understands the whole gamut of your nervous system, and can touch the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibility." The most accomplished artists in reference to this sad music are bad husbands.

"Joy abroad and grief at home." A man is angelic in his club and has a fiendish temper in his own house. He is suave and tactful at his place of business, but before starting for it in the morning depresses his wife and children for the day. He is painfully funny when dining out, but mum and mute, if not murmuring, at his own table.

"My difficulty," said a young bride to her friend, "is how to know whether beef is tough or not." "If you wait till dinner-time," said the other, "your husband will always tell you."

"Make your husband speak to you as he does to strangers" was the advice which was given to a wife.

There are husbands who think that "home" is a sweet place to "roam" from. At one time Samuel Pepys was of this opinion. Then he learned better and thus wrote in his Diary: "I did this night promise my wife never to go to bed without calling upon God upon my knees by prayer, and I began this night, and hope I shall never forget to do the like all my life; for I do find that it is much the best for my soul and body to live pleasing to God and my poor wife, and will ease me of much care as well as much expense."

It was said of the celebrated scientific man George John Romanes that, although he had

always on hand much work, he was "never too busy to be kind." Smaller men think that they have no time to be attentive to their wives and children. They leave home early in the morning, stay away all day, and come back at night filled with cares, morose, and uncommunicative. This is to be busier than they ought to be and to neglect true riches. They should make less money and more wealth or well-being.

And there are wives who are not less rude to their husbands. They are all smiles when they welcome other men at the doors of their drawing-rooms, and if when conversing with them they are interrupted, they say "Excuse me for a moment," but politeness like this is not shown to husbands. These poor harmless creatures are even ridiculed by such women for the amusement of their friends, instead of being made the most of, as good breeding, if nothing else, would prompt.

An American remarked to his wife, "I would rather be right than be the President." She replied, "You'll never be either." "A lion roars loudest in his own forest," and "a cock crows shrillest on his own dungheap," but the average American expects to roar and crow in his home as little as he expects to rule his country.

How are we to account for these bad matri-

monial manners? Why should those who have chosen each other from the rest of the world treat each other with less deference than they do the rest of the world? One reason is because the appalling intimacy of domestic life takes geniality for granted instead of granting it. People put on silk and velvet to go out into the world, and consider that anything will do to wear at home. Politeness is their Court dress, which they change for a dressing-gown when they return home. They have company manners for abroad, but home is to them not only Liberty Hall, but a hall of licence, where they allow their evil natures full play.

Another cause is neglect of the rule that the lover should always play the husband, and the husband the lover. There are not enough husbands like the poet Moore, of whose wife it was said that she "received from her husband the homage of a lover from the hour of their nuptials to that of his dissolution."

A lecturer on marriage said that married life would be a great deal happier if men kissed their wives as they did in courting days. An old man who had not kissed his wife for many years was so impressed with the advice, that he resolved to follow it. Meeting the lecturer the following day, he said: "That about the kiss in your lecture was all rot. When I tried to put my

arm round the neck of my old woman and kiss her she pushed me from her and said, "What's gone wrong with you, ye old fool!" That softening of the heart should have been mistaken for softening of the brain showed how lamentably little after-marriage courtship there had been. Too few kisses and too much fault-finding. One likes to see a young wife, or an old one either for that matter, going to the foot of the stairs or to the hall-door with her husband when he goes to business in the morning, and welcoming him back in the evening. And surely a husband will not take little attentions like this as a matter of course and think that they need not be returned.

The great orator Edmund Burke and his wife were a sweetheart couple. He used to say that every care vanished the moment he entered under his own roof, so tender, sympathetic, and serviceable was his wife. Unlike many husbands, he deserved to have this domestic bliss. One who knew him said: "In the House of Commons only the fiercer peculiarities of his character were seen, while at home he seemed the mildest and kindest, as well as one of the best and greatest, of human beings. He poured forth the rich treasures of his mind with the most prodigal bounty. At breakfast and dinner his gaiety, wit, and pleasantry enlivened the

board, and diffused cheerfulness and happiness all round." He was not "the gladdener of ten thousand hearths," but he was the "idol of his own." Home geniality like this is too rare, and there are many who do not talk in their homes or care about the opinions of their relations. To these they only show their vexation and worry; to these they tell what goes wrong with them, but not what goes right.

Irritability is sometimes physical. The spirit may be amiable and the body morose. The spirit, however, can master and ought to master the body. The examination after death of the body of Robert Hall, the famous preacher, showed that he had within him an "apparatus of torture." While he lived, however, his friends did not know that this was the case, so patient and courteous was he.

When the Mormons were in the maturity of their matrimony many houses at Salt Lake City had several external doors, which were thus explained to a visitor: "You see, sir, if a gentleman is blessed with several wives, it would hardly do for the ladies to come in and out by the same door. That might give rise to ructions, so each lady has an entrance to herself. If you wish, therefore, to find out how many blessings a gentleman possesses, I guess you should walk round his house and count the number of doors."

In Great Britain a man has only one ostensible wife, but he is sometimes foolish enough to keep in his house one or more relations of himself or of his wife. If he do this, something like different doors must be devised to prevent "ructions." Even mechanical management may help manners.

Said an old man, speaking of a couple who lived in perfect harmony in his neighbourhood, "They'd agreed between themselves that whenever he came home a little *contrairy* and out of temper, he wore his hat on the back of his head, and then she never said a word; and if she came in a little cross and crooked, she threw her shawl over her left shoulder, and then he never said a word." As it takes two to make a quarrel, either the husband or the wife might often prevent one by stepping out of the room at the nick of time; by endeavouring to divert attention and conversation from the burning question; above all, by breathing an instantaneous prayer to God for calmness before making any reply.

The domestic adjuster who insists that everything shall be thought and done in the home just as he or she thinks it should be thought and done may be respected, but will not be loved. We should not yield to the tyranny of trifles or allow scrupulosity to make us sour. He was a

canny Scotch minister who said: "In the large things of life I determine what shall be done, in the small I let my wife decide, but I reserve to myself the duty of selecting which are the large things of life and which the small."

It accords with the fitness of things when great musicians live harmoniously with their life partners. We like to know that Weber called his home his "sweet nest," that Donizetti and his wife "loved as a pair of lovers." After Schumann and his wife were married eight or ten years they would sit down to the piano side by side and perform piece after piece together, she playing the treble with her right hand, he the bass with his left. Often their disengaged arms were locked round one another's waists in an embrace of mutual affection. For many years after her husband's death Madame Schumann interpreted his music to the public as only she could. Before doing so she used to read over some of the love-letters that he wrote to her during the days of their courtship, so that, as she said, she might be better able to do justice to her interpretation of the spirit of his work.

When the manners of husband and wife are not what they ought to be the children take after them. What can be expected of those who are reared in an atmosphere of rudeness?

Many a child goes astray, not because there is

a want of prayer or of virtue at home, but simply because it lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding prevails, children will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

The presence of one who is a victim to moods is always a calamity in a home. Around the moody person, whether mother, father, or sister, there seems to hang a thin but evident veil of gloom, which no sallies of wit or soft persuasions of affection can penetrate. One by one the family seek to escape from an influence so distressing. The children feel like culprits, their innocent mirth is repressed, they speak under their breath. Conversation languishes, and laughter is extinguished. Ruskin felt that the greatest blessing he had in life was that he was taught by the example of his father and mother "the perfect meaning of peace, in thought, act, and word."

"It was Satan," said a mother to one of her children, "who put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair." "Perhaps it was," replied the hopeful, "but kicking her shins was my own idea." Brothers and sisters are often ingenious in discovering ways of tormenting each other.

Considering how weak the health of Charles Darwin was, he would probably never have been

able to make his fruitful discoveries if he had not had a wife and children who saved him from trouble, and gave to him the leisure of a very happy home. And yet there is sometimes need of patience and good-temper on both sides of a scientific household. The wife of the late Professor Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and boots. A little scream attracted the Professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward on his elbow, and anxiously inquired what was the matter. "Why, a little snake has just crawled out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one, my dear?" interrogated the Professor, calmly lying down again. "There should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm!

It is a mistake to suppose that relations necessarily love each other. No; love must be cultivated by the exercise of patience, cheerfulness, kindliness of manner, and willingness to oblige. Hannibal is said to have overcome obstacles when crossing the Alps by pouring vinegar on them;—but it is not in this way we are to attempt to get through domestic difficulties.

CHAPTER XI

THE MANNERS OF TRAVELLERS

MEN used to make room for ladies in public conveyances, but the fair sex have now learned so well to take care of themselves, that some men consider it superfluous to do this for them. A lady got into a tramway car. For a long time no man moved; afterwards one offered his seat. "I would be sorry," said the lady, "to deprive of his seat the only gentleman present."

Another lady, who weighed about twenty stone, entered a car that was full. "If there were any gentlemen here," she remarked, "they would not allow a lady to stand." Then a very small man got up and said, "Don't be cross, ma'am; I'll make one towards it."

However, ladies are sometimes unreasonable. They frequently have nothing to do, and could easily wait for the next car; but, instead of doing this, they wish to dispossess men who have been working hard, are very tired, and pressed for time. A man who was too tired

to give up his seat invited one of two standing ladies to sit next to him, hoping that as she was very thin she might squeeze in. "Here, mother," she said to the other, who was very stout, "sit down beside this gentleman." The mother tried to do so, and failing, began to abuse the gentleman for not pushing up more!

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed an elderly lady to a labourer who gave up his seat in a crowded tramway car—"thank you very much!" "That's orl right, mum," was the rejoinder. As the lady sat down, the chivalrous labourer added: "Wot I ses is a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she is pretty; but, you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me!"

Railway companies ought to provide sufficient space in their carriages for all who pay for it, but good railway manners make things easier in tight places. We should give and take and not be curmudgeons.

An Englishman wishes either to heave half a brick at a stranger or to ask him to dinner, according to the state of his liver, of the weather, and of everything else that affects manners. He always at first dislikes any one who ventures to enter a railway-carriage which he had hoped to monopolise. "This compartment is full, sir," said an old gentleman; "that seat is taken

by a friend of mine, who has put his bag there." The intruder plumped down with the remark, "All right; I'll stay till he comes,' and took the bag on his knees. In vain the old person looked daggers; the new-comer was imperturbable. The "friend" did not appear, and the train presently moved off. As it glided down the platform, the interloper flung the bag through the window, with the quiet remark, "Your friend's missed his train, evidently; we mustn't let him lose his luggage into the bargain."

On returning after a moment's absence a man tried politely to regain a seat on which he had really put his coat and his hat in an empty carriage. The lady who had taken it exclaimed: "Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that I am one of the director's wives." "Madam," replied the first in possession, "if you were the director's *only* wife, I should still ask you to give me up my seat."

To say casually "We must get those things disinfected at once" will sometimes remove people.

Officials on trains and steamboats are much better mannered than are the generality of the travelling public. About sixteen hundred trains leave Clapham Junction each day. Imagine the number of foolish questions that old ladies of

both sexes ask the guards and porters about these in the tourist season. And yet nearly every one of these people of inquiring minds get civil answers.

At a railway-station there was a great crowd on account of races that were to take place at a town on the line. A man shouted out very rudely to the booking-clerk, "Make haste; I'm in a hurry!" The clerk replied so calmly and politely that it was a severe rebuke, "Everybody, sir, is in a hurry."

A Dublin carman asked a conceited English tourist who was leaving Westland Row Railway Station if he wanted a car. "No," was the gruff reply; "I am able to walk." "May your honour always be able but seldom willing," said the polite and witty Jarvey.

A certain class of travelling Britons have gained such a reputation for bad manners that they inspire awe wherever they go. On the Continent you will see a native go to the door of a railway compartment and recoil from it when he sees in it one, two, or (oh, horror!) three Britishers. A well-known Frenchman said that when in his own country he wants to have a railway-carriage to himself, he puts on red whiskers and the loud clothes which the French think the English wear, and then he has the compartment to himself.

British tourists often behave as if every spot in the world were as much their property as the little island off the coast of France from whence they come. Hence our money is more liked than our company in foreign parts.

Certainly foreigners take a terrible revenge when they make British travellers breathe dirty air by keeping the windows of railway-carriages closed.

Dr. Parke, who accompanied Stanley in his last expedition, behaved towards women in the Dark Continent as he would towards his lady friends in London. There are travellers who are not so gentlemanly. A Chinese proverb says that "politeness is better than force." Unfortunately, many who travel in China and India think that courtesy to a native is not required, or is even mischievous.

When I lived in the former country and heard people who had only lately come out saying to a servant, "Boy, boy," in contemptuous tones, and never thanking the boy for service rendered, I was tempted to ask, "Do you know to whom you are speaking? Are you aware that that boy belongs to a nation that was highly civilised when the British were savages, to a nation that has probably forgotten as much as we ever knew?"

The Chinese think that our manners are those

of barbarians. It is not necessary or possible for Europeans living in China to learn the three hundred rules of ceremony or the three thousand precepts of behaviour that are laid down in Chinese classics, but we might put into practice a few of the elementary principles of Christianity, and then we would be thought to be almost as good as Confucianists.

When we show manners the Chinese are surprised. A lady told me that one day, when she went into a shop at Canton, the door was soon blocked up by a crowd of idle gazers. My friend, who speaks Cantonese well, said to the crowd in that dialect, "I beg your pardon, would you allow me to go out?" They at once made room for her, and she heard them remarking, "She speaks our language, and she has manners too!"

People think it funny to spoil notices in railway carriages. By erasing "not" they "request you to put your feet on the seats and cushions."

The vulgarity of writing their names on monuments was committed by tourists of old. The ancient Romans put theirs on Egyptian temples. Nay, did not Rameses the Second delete the names of other royal builders and put his own in their place? In a Court in the Alhambra at Granada, the opposite of this has been done. Travellers have abstained from writing their own

names, but they have forged the names of persons who would not have been guilty of writing them themselves.

Correspondents of the *Daily Mail* have been condemning "tube" travelling as responsible for a deterioration of public manners.

"The *censor morum* frowns around,
And sternly wants to know
Why, when we burrow 'neath the ground,
Our manners need be low?
But soon we all shall go about
By aeroplane alone—
And manners then, beyond a doubt,
Will take a higher tone."

Many people when they get away from the restraints and associations of home think they can do what they like. Perhaps the gloss which a lady loses from her manners on a long voyage in a great modern passenger steamer is never recovered.

The Honourable Madame A. Hŏk was one of the first Chinese ladies who came to England. During her voyage she was constantly struck by some of the passengers not being as kind and polite as they might have been. "Is it possible," she said, "that they are Christians, and can do so and so? Why, I thought that they all believed that God is love."

"Is it possible that they are Christians?" we ask ourselves, when we hear the facetious re-

marks, ignorant questions, and thoughtless exclamations of the human herds that are now literally sent to Jericho by Cook and other tourist agents.

Lady Elizabeth Butler tells us that "a party of trippers reaching the Jews' Wailing Place at Jerusalem, charged with their donkeys all along the line of those preoccupied figures standing praying with their faces buried in their testaments or pressed against the stones of the great wall and knocked them over."

It is part of the aloofness of English people to expect all the world to speak English. When the cockney French or Italian, which they deign to attempt, is not understood, they get abusive or they talk louder as though mere noise would make them intelligible. A British military officer called a Maltese a fool because he could not speak English. The man replied: "I know Greek, Italian, French, and German, and you do not; I only one fool, you four fools."

A Frenchman on the top of a London omnibus thought he ought to pay only one penny and the conductor could not make him understand that the fare was two pence. Losing patience, this typical John Bull came down the steps, and putting his head inside the conveyance asked, "Can any lady or gentleman oblige with the French for 'bloody fool'?"

Four Cook's tourists in Italy, greatly daring, left their conductor and walked to a country village. They knew no language except English, but they managed to order coffee. They wanted milk; how was that to be got? One of them drew a picture of a cow and pointed to her udder. The waiter rushed away and after some time returned with four beefsteaks. Hiring a carriage to bring them back, they got into trouble with the driver. He asked too much money and was abusive. An Englishman, passing, said: "Excuse me, can I help you, as I know the language and the ways of the place?" The only reply given was, "Just mind your own business."

The Duke of N—— having got into conversation with a railway traveller, they were joined by the Duke of A—— for a short distance. On the latter leaving the carriage the non-ducal passenger asked who the gentleman was. Being told, he exclaimed, "Just fancy his being so familiar with two little snobs like you and me!"

It is difficult to know when to speak to fellow-travellers who are strangers to us and when to leave them alone. If we do the latter, we may miss much amusement and information, and may be considered stiff and haughty; if we address them, they may be as irritated as Moltke was when a subaltern spoke four words to him in a

railway-carriage. On entering, the young man said "Pardon, sir!" and when he left he said the same. "What an insufferable prater!" growled the great Field Marshal, who could himself be "silent in eleven languages." Travellers who do not intend to bite off the nose of any not-introduced person venturing to speak should mark on their foreheads non-combatant Geneva crosses.

When Lord Salisbury was Prime Minister and went for a holiday to Beaulieu in the Riviera, the Mayor called and asked what his wishes were. "To be saved from my countrymen," he replied. He dreaded being discovered and talked to by the trippers who put their trust in princes and who mob celebrities.

Occasionally, when travelling by omnibus, Tennyson's mother would turn to her fellow-passengers and smilingly remark, "It may interest you to know that I am the mother of the Poet Laureate." The maternal pride was excusable, but probably few believed what the lady said.

"When does the next train go?" a traveller who saw his train leave without him asked an Irish porter. "Shure, sorr, she's just gone," was the reply. The way people act when this happens shows character. The man in question swore, and a clergyman standing beside him

is reported to have turned to him and said: "Thank you, sir." Instead of worrying yourself and others when you miss a train, quietly wait for the next and spend the time in observing and learning. After all, it does not matter where we are, for we bring ourselves with us, and there is no good in hurrying to the end of a journey and not knowing what to do when we get there.

CHAPTER XII

PENSION POLITENESS

THE people whose manners are not good when they travel are no better in this respect when they stay in hotels and pensions. This is a serious matter now that it is becoming common to solve the servant problem by living in these places.

They say at St. Moritz that the first year you lose your hair, the second your manners, and the third your character. Manners are lost quite as much in the hotels of other places.

Pension people see much of each other, and familiarity makes their mutual manners contemptuous. They speed parting guests and form friendships with those who come which are too violent to last. Fellow-lodgers should attend to the advice of à Kempis: "Be not intimate with any woman, but commend all women to God."

Out of hasty intimacies comes unspeakable sorrow. I say "unspeakable" because the women who too soon become "dear" and "darling" to each other cease before long to be on speaking terms. In hotels and up-to-date

pensions long tables are no longer used. Before this fashion changed a lady was sitting at a long pension dinner-table beside a sister guest with whom she did not speak. Rather than ask for the menu-card that was beside her she stretched across and fished the card to her with a fork. On another occasion a lady stood up and said aloud to a guest who was sitting a few places above: "Would you mind changing places, for Mr. B. and I are not on speaking terms?"

The people at a *table d'hôte* were stiff, unsociable, and in the dark because the electric light had suddenly gone out. One of the diners was a mimic, so, imitating a lady's voice, he called out, "If any one kiss me I shall scream?"

Two ladies in a pension on the Riviera never spoke to each other, though they lived in the same town when in England. Some one asked another who came from this town why this was the case. "Because," was the reply, "Mrs. B. lives in a bigger house at home than Mrs. T." This was given in all seriousness as a natural conclusive reason. Exclusiveness like this may be sometimes convenient and even pleasant, but it is un-Christian.

Sojourners in hotels sometimes eat too much in order to get value for their money. They do not know that what we leave at table often does us more good than what we take. This

excess of food puts the livers of people out of order, and the people become rude to each other. And the drink habit is even worse, especially when it is joined to the drug habit. How many ladies one finds in pensions who are called well-to-do, but who do very badly, becoming white slaves to these habits! No politeness can be expected from them. They fight with their best friends and act like the self-made lunatics they are.

In a pension known to the writer an *enfant terrible*, pointing to a young lady before many guests, said, "She married, mummy says, an old fool for the sake of his money." This did not encourage the young wife to be polite to the child's mother.

Pensions have ears, and one must be careful what one says in them. A lady who had married a man more than twenty years younger than herself heard another ask in reference to her: "Her husband? You mean her son."

When husband and wife quarrel in a bedroom they cannot expect every one to be as honourable as a man known to me. He shouts out on these occasions, "We can hear every word you say!"

Those who have lived a considerable time in a hotel or pension come to think that the whole place belongs to them. They monopolise certain

chairs and corners in the salon, and feel much aggrieved if they ever get any part of a chicken except the liver wing. The hall porter may write with red pencil on papers "Please do not take me to your room" or "Stolen from the salon," but the old inhabitant considers that this hint is only intended for new-comers.

The people who come to a residential hotel at any one time unite to keep new arrivals in their place. If one not in the old set ventures to sit in an easy-chair a friend will say, "Excuse me, but I must tell you that that is where Mrs. So-and-so sits." Should a new guest venture an opinion about the climate or the appearance of the place it will be received with stern silence and pitying looks. He, on the other hand, is expected to take gratefully the unstinted advice tendered to him, and shape or even alter his plans accordingly.

Perhaps the pompous truisms that are uttered by people who make assertions before they have time to see a place are best received with silence. "How green the country is about here!" remarked an old lady in the drawing-room the night she arrived at a certain pension. "Yes, my dear," suggested her vulgar, would-be-facetious worse half, "it's because there is much verdure."

Speaking of a missionary a savage remarked:

"He was always giving us advice, so we killed him." The fellow-lodgers of one who is always giving advice are tempted to do the same. Some people are impertinent enough to try and settle the affairs of all mankind. They make one think of a message Luther sent: "Tell Philip Melancthon to give up managing the universe and let the Almighty do it."

Yet when people mean well their advice should be received politely, though we have no intention of acting upon it. We may desire a natural death, but we should not scorn even those who insist on doctoring us. Last winter an elderly lady in a hotel in the Riviera, pitying a young one who was coughing very much, went up to her room, brought down some lozenges, and offered them to the girl. Instead of being obliged the young lady's aunt said, "I can take care of my niece's cough myself."

"What do you think of Mr. So-and-so?" a lady asked a gentleman in reference to one who had just arrived at a pension. "I don't much care of him." "Why?" "Because he is an ugly little Jew"—just what Renan called St. Paul.

"Oh, you are refreshing!" Anything new in speech or action must be refreshing in a pension where all the people speak and act alike. They go out at the same time in the mornings, they play the same games, they wear the same

sort of clothes. There is a daily debate on the subject of tipping, which resolves itself into these questions: What is the least we *can* give? How often *must* we tip? Who does it *pay* best to tip? These are generous inquiries, no doubt, but in time they become tiresome.

The murmuring of the children of Israel against manna was nothing to the murmuring that is heard at pension meals. The soup is said to be cold, the fish of doubtful freshness, the beef tough, the mutton badly cut. The chickens have too many legs and too few wings, the pudding is too familiar, the hot water, which is now drunk so much at these places, not hot enough, the fruit not in season. Talking of such malcontents, a head waiter once quietly observed to me, "Ah, sir! those are the people who at home have nothing more than a red herring for dinner."

There are certain unwritten laws of pension politeness to which every lady and gentleman conforms. One is that the occupier of a room above a verandah of another room should not throw down upon the verandah crumbs, or, indeed, any rubbish.

A lady was frightened by a noise like that of a person running about in a room over the one she occupied. This went on at intervals for two nights and then changed, as though the occupant

had gone mad and was skipping about. The lady did not believe in ghosts, but she was afraid of them, so she asked the proprietor to investigate the mystery. It was a sick foreigner obeying the imperfectly understood directions of an English medical man: "Take the medicine two nights running, then skip a night."

Reader, do you know what it is to have rooms in a pension near a musical composer? If so, you are aware that at any hour during the day or night when a combination of notes strike him he will try it on the piano, and make the notes strike you too. A too polite parrot always shouting "Good morning!" in an adjoining room is not much more pleasant.

Pension politeness provides that people should be punctual at meals, that they should not purloin papers, that they should not make the public rooms redolent of scent and hair-wash, that they should not play practical jokes, such as changing boots and shoes when placed outside the doors at night to be cleaned.

A person with a bad cold generally suffers from temporary unpopularity in a pension, though he has as little to do with the matter as Charles Lamb had when to a lady who told him that he had a bad cold he replied, "It is the best I have."

Some people like to live in a pension near a

church so that they can more easily attend the services. They are, of course, quite right in doing so, but they are not right if they despise those who differ from them and say that they wickedly neglect the ordinances of religion. An English lady was looking at a religious procession on the balcony of a pension at Granada. A Spanish lady present said wistfully, "I feel sure you will be baptized before you leave Granada and become a Christian." The English lady is a Protestant.

The proprietor might put over the door of the dining-room of a pension, "To be consumed on the premises," for people carry away fruit, and also bread, butter, and sugar for a tea repast in their bedrooms. I have known a retired army doctor to pocket an ice. There was no doubt about it, for when he warmed himself after dinner at a fire white streaks appeared. Great, too, is the waste and even theft of hotel stationery. The economical old lady, however, who produces a small flask of whisky and pours a little of it into a glass of water may be excused, considering the excessive price that is charged for stimulants at *table d'hôte* meals.

A considerable charge is generally made for keeping dogs so that the pension may not become a kennel. A woman known to me used to carry a pampered little cur in her arms into

each meal, and she had no excuse for doing so as she had four fine children.

When I told a lady at what hotel I lived in Cannes she asked, "Is not that a very catty place?" "What do you mean?" "Oh, you know; a pension full of elderly unmarried ladies who are full of spite and make each other's fur fly."

At most residential hotels there are old ladies, and not of one sex only, who do not keep their tongues from evil-speaking, lying, or slandering. They are human cats and play with your character as pussy plays with a mouse. They damn with faint praise, they hint at faults, but they do it politely and with a pretence of pity and friendliness. "I admire her immensely; she's quite wonderful. No one would suppose that her father began life as—well, I need not say what. There was a queer story about him, but I'm not one to repeat reports, and though he did not come well out of the affair we are now great friends." A pension is a veritable parliament, or talking place. In one known to the writer the fact that two widowers were very discreet, had no intentions, and had only shown the most ordinary politeness did not prevent them being talked about with ladies. So uncomfortable were they made by this that they left the place.

It is a relief when scandalmongers take to playing bridge, for that is comparatively innocent, though it is sometimes a bridge of sighs because of the quarrels and regrets it causes. And then there is everlasting bridge talk. Why cannot people cease talking about games when they have done playing?

A lady had rendered herself very disagreeable. She would even make a noise like a hen when any of the residents in the small hotel played the piano. She greatly disliked air; however, and this dislike enabled her fellow-guests to ventilate, literally, their opinion about her. When a person went out of the salon and she was there, he, or generally she, always left the door open. The lady used to get up and shut it indignantly.

Doors and windows afford those who live together an opportunity for giving and taking, bearing and forbearing. Some wish them open, others shut. It is often a question between fresh, clean air and exhausted, dirty air. The minority like the former, the majority the latter, and the majority has its way. People would not wash their faces or even their hands in water that five hundred people had used for this purpose, and yet they are willing in public rooms to breathe air that has been in the lungs of scores or even of hundreds of people. Why is it that in a

hotel a person may close a door or window without apologising or asking leave, but if he ventures to open one he is considered a criminal? A man suffered so much from the exhausted atmosphere of a hotel dining-room that on several occasions he took his plate and carried it out to the garden, calling out as he went "Dirty air, too many lungs," &c.

This matter of ventilation almost becomes at times an international quarrel. As a rule British people like clean air and other nations dirty air. In one pension the Germans were so anxious to have the salon air-proof that they nailed up the windows. An English guest coming in kicked out some of the glass. In a pension I open every window I can.

There is, however, such a thing as pension politeness, and it is not even charged for in the bill. "Do you mind the scratching of my pen?" I was asked not long ago in the drawing-room of a hotel, and this consideration for others is not uncommon. I have known people who became ill when staying alone in hotels to receive, not merely politeness, but the greatest kindness from fellow-guests to whom they had not been previously known.

Talking of district visitors in a parish, a lady who lives at a hotel said to the writer the other day, "The hotel is my district," and from

personal observation of her in it I can testify that she works it well. She does not think of the servants only as "waiters." She makes them feel that in her opinion they are human beings. She has travelled much, so she can talk to them about their German, Austrian, or Italian homes. She speaks to them about their wives and children, hours of work, and all that concerns them. The lift-boy is not to her merely a Jack-in-a-box, but a being, looking before and after, with a soul, a mother, and a future full of possibilities. If any one is sick or in sorrow in the hotel, she is the first to hear about it and to offer assistance or, at least, sympathy. She is tender to the weaknesses of the old, and not intolerant even to the boisterous bumptiousness of the rising generation. Even the manager tells her his troubles. She is eyes to the blind, legs to the lame, and common-sense to the fools. She reads for those who cannot see, talks with careful distinctness to the deaf, takes messages for the lame, and, without pushing advice, gives it in a way and at a time when it does good.

Do not, if you can help it, die in a hotel. If you do your friends will be cruelly charged for your indiscretion, and your corpse will be carried out at dead of night with a lantern, dimly burning, but without even paid-for politeness.

CHAPTER XIII

RUDE RAPIDITY

WHEN travelling nowadays we are sent through tubes; we rest (?) in sleeping-cars, and we consider that anything less than sixty miles an hour in a train is too slow.

What does a person learn who rushes to the Riviera or to Egypt without stopping day or night? No more than a postage stamp put in the corner of an envelope and kept there until it arrives. On the other hand, if he were to stay a day or two at each interesting place it would be a liberal education. A wheelbarrow is, as it were, the cab of Shanghai, and I learned more when I was being trundled along in that conveyance than I ever did in faster vehicles.

We meet globe-trotters who have visited nearly all the beautiful scenes in the world without carrying away a single distinct image

for the inward eye to behold afterwards. They rushed through these places without waiting to see them. A single walk through their own garden at home, if taken leisurely, would have been more profitable. How much a bed of daffodils shaken by the wind was to Wordsworth because he waited to have a good look at it! He says:

> "I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
> What wealth the show to me had brought.
> For oft, when on my couch I lie,
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude;
> And then my heart with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

Mr. Birrell tells the following: "Travelling up to town from the West, a gentleman got into my carriage at Swindon, who, as we moved off and began to rush through the country, became unable to restrain his delight at our speed. His face shone with pride, as if he were pulling us himself. 'What a charming train!' he exclaimed. 'This is the pace I like to travel at.' I indicated assent. Shortly afterwards, when our windows rattled as we rushed through Reading, he let one of them down in a hurry, and cried out in consternation, 'Why, I want to get out here!' 'Charming train!' I observed. 'Just the pace I like to travel at;

but it is awkward if you want to go anywhere except to Paddington.' "

"We throw out acclamations of self-thanking, self-admiring,
With—at every mile run faster—Oh, the wondrous, wondrous age!
Little heeding if we work our souls as nobly as our iron,
Or if angels will commend us at the goal of pilgrimage."

Professor Huxley relates that, when attending the British Association in Belfast, he had promised to breakfast with the eminent scholar Dr. Hincks. "Having [he says] been up very late the previous night, I was behind-time, so, hailing an outside car, I said to the driver as I jumped on, 'Now drive fast, as I am in a hurry.' Whereupon he whipped up his horse and set off at a gallop. Nearly jerked off my seat, I shouted, 'My good friend, do you know where I want to go?' 'No, yer honner,' said the driver, 'but, any way, I am driving fast.' "

Many people are not less indifferent, in reference to morals and manners, where they are going if only they drive fast.

Asked how it was that Alcibiades was not happier for all his wanderings in search of happiness, Socrates replied, "He takes himself with him wherever he goes."

The writer was once looking at the largest graven image in Japan. It is a huge bronze representation of Buddha situated at Kama-Kuri, a small town not far from Yokohama. Standing beside me was an American woman. She was staring at the expression of rest and peace that the face of the statue wore. She did not like it, however, and seemed to visibly swell with indignation. Not being able to contain her feelings, she turned to me, though a complete stranger, and said, "That man [referring to the statue] looks as if he could not hustle about and get on in life." I replied, "He did not want to get on in life; he was not an American." Many persons in America, and in Great Britain too, have no higher notion of civilisation than that of getting on either in motion or in business. In their view Clapham Junction should be the most civilised place in the world because more trains issue from it each day than from any other place. Surely gentleness, repose of manner, self-control, the acquisition of our souls—surely these ought to be as much evidence of civilisation as railways, motor-cars, ocean liners, telegraphs, telephones, and other modes of motion. "In quietness and confidence," and not in "bustling about," "shall be your strength."

As regards getting on in the world, which is so much preached to youth, is it not a doctrine

of devils that we must either get on in the world or get out of it? Much better to teach that the best possession is self-possession.

If the manners of what are disrespectfully called the "masses" have greatly improved during the last thirty years, it is to a large extent due to the bicycle. This machine, which now seems so mean beside the mighty motor, took people into beautiful scenery away from sordid surroundings. Of course the "scorcher" learned little, for he sacrificed everything to speed, riding with his head down and his mouth open to catch the dust. And the bicycle was responsible for a good deal of false freedom and rough independence, especially amongst girls; but, on the whole, it furthered civilisation. Can as much be said for its big brother the motor? Returning in the month of May to England, from which I had been absent seven years, I was frequently lost in admiration of hawthorn, laburnum, horse-chestnuts, and other spring delights. Suddenly there would be a horrid noise, and then out of a cloud of dust would emerge a motor. Did the people in it see anything, even by means of their ugly spectacles? No, they were travelling too fast. They only glanced and forgot; all they wanted was to move, to keep on moving. And yet life is scarcely worth living if we only make a noise before us and leave a smell behind.

When I went abroad motors were seldom seen. Now there is only one place endurable on the roads, and that is *in* a motor; all the rest is smoke, smell, and swearing. As long as motorists move fast they are satisfied, no matter how many human beings they endanger or how many dogs and hens they "flatten." When a taxi-driver was lately brought to account for running a man down, he thought it sufficient to say, "If I were to apply my brake every time I saw a person in the road I should never get on." To get on is all that is wanted. Truly chauffeurs are of two classes—those who are in prison and those who ought to be. There will be no peace on earth or goodwill amongst men until the devil, or the German Emperor, or whoever is the Prince of the Power of the air, puts motorists into aeroplanes and brings them up out of this world.

"Life," said Emerson, "is not so short but there is always time for courtesy." Many motorists do not agree with this. They have no time for manners. One of them rushed into a shop and was very abusive because for the moment there was no one to attend to her. "Will you not come here and be served? I can wait," said another lady. The motorist availed herself of the invitation, but did not give a word of thanks.

As a contrast to such rude rapidity, I was pleased to read that a man preferred to lose a train rather than not take time for courtesy. He said to an old deaf gentleman, "I beg your pardon," and this produced a detaining hand and an "Eh, what?" "I kicked you." "Why?" "Accident." "No one hurt, I hope. Where?" Again hand put on arm and the train went without the polite person. Is it not almost certain that the man gained more by strengthening self-control than he lost by not catching the train?

The worst of it is that motorists now set the pace and keep every one on the go. They communicate a disease of our time which may be called the "jumps." The victims of this disease cannot keep quiet; they must have constant change and variety. Wherever they are they think that they should be somewhere else.

Hurry is a habit, and one that causes useless wear and tear. Quiet movements are signs of self-control. The really busy man has always leisure, because he knows how to arrange and to pack his time. A railway guard, when congratulated on his calmness, replied, "I have not time to be in a hurry."

There are lazy, unpunctual people who are only too ready to wait and to keep others waiting; but there are nervous, impatient

mortals who have never learned the art of waiting. In court Sir Thomas More used to say, "Let us stay a little, that we may have done the sooner." The people to whom we refer do not understand this saying, or that wise proverb—"Hasten slowly." Their work is slipshod and scamped. They rush into an enterprise without preparation, and so they cannot bring it to a successful finish. And it is the same in reference to the spirit and disposition.

We read that "Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide." When do our professional and business men meditate? When do those who make a business of pleasure think? They have no time for it. The precept, "Commune with your own heart and in your chamber, and be still," is seldom or never obeyed by them, and, as a consequence, their inner spiritual life is starved.

There is an Arab proverb to the effect that "Hurry is of the devil," and it certainly is when it curtails the amenities of social life. People used to apologise if they trampled on a lady's gown or on a man's corn, but they have no time now to do so. Instead of the carefully worded invitation of the past, a telephone message such as this is sent—"Will Mrs. A. dine with Lady B., and bring a man?"

What percentage of those who go up and

down in the lift of a large hotel thank the man on getting out? The majority of people seem to think that he is part of the machine. Mr. and Mrs. Hurry Scurry are rich, so they can easily spare two pence for a tip; but they do not give the oil and wine of gratitude and politeness, which would be more appreciated.

St. Francis de Sales warns the Abbess of Port Royal not to allow herself to be overwhelmed with business. "You must make," he says, "a habit of doing things quietly; going to bed, getting up, sitting down, eating, talking with your sisters. . . . Impetuous activity hurts both our business and our souls."

Lord Chesterfield advises young Stanhope to do everything "in minuet time," as it is impossible "to cultivate 'the graces' if you allow yourself to be hurried."

In his inventory of a "fair capital of manners," Oliver Wendell Holmes includes "quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander." And he says: "Stillness of person and steadiness of feature are signal marks of good breeding. Vulgar persons can't sit still, or at least they must work their limbs or features."

One of the rules of etiquette taught in schools in China is, "Let your movements be graceful and deliberate." A mandarin who had jumped

a ditch in his efforts to escape a heavy shower was greatly annoyed when he found that a boy had witnessed the performance, and he paid him largely to keep secret the deed of shame.

There is grace in repose and there is grace in movement, but there is no grace in hurry. What grace, for instance, is there in a girl with red face, manly stride, and swinging arms, rushing from one to another of the games and exercises to which she devotes her life? It would be almost better to be like the Egyptian lady who, when asked how she spent her time, answered, "I sit on this sofa, and when I am tired I cross over and sit on that." Even the dashing, fiery Nelson knew that rude rapidity is impolitic. When the attack upon Copenhagen was in progress, he wrote a despatch to be taken ashore to the Crown Prince, and, having finished, called for a light that he might seal it. The boy who was sent to bring a candle was killed on the way, and Nelson, noticing the delay, repeated his request. A certain Colonel Stewart, who was present, then remarked, "Why should your lordship be so particular to use wax? Why not a wafer? The hurry of battle will be a sufficient apology for the violation of etiquette." "It is to prove," replied Nelson, "that we are in no hurry, that this request is not dictated by fear."

"John Wesley's conversation is good," said

Dr. Johnson, "but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out as I do." What would Johnson think, if he were alive now, of those busybodies who do no business, but who cannot spare time to be sociable or even human? He would think that rapidity, which never permits a quiet chat, is scarcely civilised, and that a hustling manner is rude because it seems to say that the person to whom we are speaking is not worth five minutes of our precious time.

CHAPTER XIV.

MANNERS AT MEALS

THERE was a time, we are told, when, before an election to a fellowship in All Souls' College, at Oxford, was made, the candidates were invited to dine with the electors; a cherry pie formed part of the meal, and he who ate it most like a gentleman got the fellowship. It is said that the reason why those who were to be called to the Irish Bar used to have to eat dinners in the Inns of Court in London was because it was desired to see if they understood the management of their knives and forks.

"Two-minute lunches" and other hasty meals are as bad for manners as for mastication. Even in fashionable restaurants there is not enough care and deliberation in the way people eat. They pick at the dessert and crack nuts between the courses. They put the points of spoons into their mouths or make a noise taking soup, they talk with their mouths full, they put their elbows on the table, they clatter with knife and fork,

they abuse the waiters, they turn up their noses and laugh at the food, they think more of their own wants than of those of others, even when at the same table with them. A friend of mine saw a German take a small fish by the tail when the dish was handed to him, and land it on his plate with the delight of a keen sportsman.

We have heard of an old gentleman who was so incensed by the obstinacy of a fellow-diner at a restaurant who declined his proffered condiments, that he eventually burst out, "Hang it all, sir, you must take mustard!" This was the extreme of superfluous attention, but the opposite fault is more common.

It would be well if all human beings behaved as politely as the hundred dogs of a certain Chinese worthy called Changkung, who was deified under the title of Kitchen-god. If one of these dogs was late for a meal the others waited for him. Human beings are not always so considerate when they go into supper at a ball.

A true gentleman is not greedy. At breakfast in a country house an elderly lady was asked what she thought of the man who had taken her into dinner on the night preceding. She replied that he was not a gentleman. "Oh, grandma, why do you think so?" asked a youth from Oxford. "Because," was the reply, "he

scooped all the oysters he could find out of the sauce, and appropriated half of the forced strawberries at the dessert." Upon this some one at the table remarked that the old lady should not speak in that way of one who *left so little to be desired.*

In many respects our habits and manners at table are greatly improved. A wine merchant recently bemoaned that at a royal dinner-party at Windsor, where there were a considerable number of guests, only three bottles of champagne were drunk. We know that there used to be men each of whom drank as much wine as this every day at dinner. Imagine the blasphemous language that in those "good old times" was used, and the nasty stories that were told when the ladies left the room. The cigarette now prevents drinking. Just a short smoke, and then, "Shall we join the ladies?" Let us hope that the ladies behave as well as the men, and that they do not beguile their short grass widowhood by scandalmongering!

"Dinners lubricate business," and many social, and even theological, controversies would be amicably settled if opponents could be got to dine together. A small deputation of aggrieved parishioners waited on King, Bishop of Lincoln, to complain that their vicar was sowing ritualistic wild oats. The Bishop knew that

the clergyman was sowing good seed too, and wanted to protect him from Protestant persecution. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am just going to lunch, and will be much pleased if you will join me." During the meal the Bishop was so entertaining and his manner so tactful, that the aggrieved ones had not the heart to speak of the business for which they came. They repaired to their parish and made peace with the parson.

Naval and military commanding officers receive table money in order that they may make things smooth in their commands by entertaining. This money is wasted unless the host have good manners. I know one general who, most popular himself, was handicapped by his wife and daughters. These ladies depressed and made cross every one whom they officially entertained. They used to discover, but not until it was too late, that even one irritated individual can spoil a dinner-party.

From official dinners, and indeed from all dinners, what is known as "shop" should be excluded. Before taking to painting, Whistler was a student at West Point Military College, and when being examined on one occasion he was asked, "Suppose you were to go out to dinner and the company began to talk of the Mexican War, and you were asked the date of a certain battle, what would you say?" "Say,"

said Whistler, " why, I should refuse to associate with people who could talk of such things at dinner."

Lady Randolph Churchill tells us that a luncheon party was " wrecked " owing to the presence of a well-known authoress, who persistently directed the conversation on her own erudite subjects, which were uncongenial to the rest of the company.

If at a tea party a hostess must be " mistress of herself though china fall," there is even more necessity to be calm no matter what happens when entertaining at dinner. A host who prided himself on the details of his dinners was once disturbed by the soup being delayed. He forced himself to be quiet, however, and merely whispered, " O Lord, make haste to help us ! "

In India the etiquette of precedence is so difficult to follow that a host once gave up the task of marshalling his party to the dining-room, and called out, " Oldest and ugliest go first ! " All were then as ready to yield precedence to their neighbours as they had been before reluctant.

Still, though a hostess may despise conventionality, if she do not give honour to whom honour is due, and custom to whom custom is due, in sending guests to dinner, she will get herself disliked, and will rouse envy, hatred, and

all uncharitableness in the hearts of her friends. Talleyrand, when carving at his dinner-parties, graduated his manners to the rank of his guests in this way—To a prince of royal blood: "May I have the honour of offering your Royal Highness a little beef?" To a duke: "Monseigneur, permit me to offer you some beef." To a marquis: "Marquis, may I cut you a little beef?" To a viscount: "Viscount, have some beef?" To a baron: "Baron, some beef?" To an untitled gentleman: "Some beef?" To his secretary: "Beef?" When there was present a person even inferior to the secretary, to him Talleyrand did not say so much as a word, he simply looked at the man, and pointed the carving knife at the beef interrogatively. The host does not now carve at dinner-parties, but he should show in the recognised fashion of present-day society that he knows the respective ranks of all his guests.

"When in doubt give a dinner" is a good maxim, but nothing is gained by doing so if you ask the wrong people or treat them in a tactless way. Be as different as possible from a lady of whom it was said that people went to her entertainments to see her insult her guests.

Well-mannered hospitality is neither ostentatious nor mean. Champagne is not necessary, but there should be no *chasse-cousin*, as the

French call the wine which they give to poor relations when they wish to shorten their stay, and if there is port it should be "the older," not "the elder," kind.

How dreadful it is when you bring a lady into dinner who cannot or will not say a word! In this predicament I have remarked "I do not mind being ugly, do you?" and this brought the painfully silent one to speech if not to her senses. Kingslake, the historian, liked dash and vigour in a talker; he declared that his heart stopped if he was bored. A lady friend of his suggested that his pulse should be felt at dinner, after the second *entrée*, and if not satisfactory that he should be allowed to change places.

When a man is asked to give "the pleasure of his company" at dinner, it is intended that he should try to please and make himself agreeable. It is really dishonest to accept a dinner and give no return in the way of pleasant companionship. If Lady Jersey refused to give the great Duke of Wellington a lift in her carriage, "because," as she said, "he puts nothing into the pool of conversation," how much less should a person be asked to dinner who contributes nothing to table-talk. What "pleasure" does that guest give who attends only to his plate, and meets with nothing but a lazy "Really!" every attempt at conversation on the part of the

unfortunate persons who sit on either side of him? It is, however, no less ill-mannered to lecture a dinner-party, and be uneasy until we have fired off all our prepared jokes, and exhibited every sample of information we possess. At one dinner-party, at least, Lord Beaconsfield sacrificed truth to his desire to give pleasure. Lord Randolph Churchill, who was his host, had offered him wine, and the wily diplomatist replied, "My dear Randolph, I have sipped your excellent champagne, I have drunk your good claret, I have tasted your delicious port, I will have no more." Lady Randolph Churchill, who tells this in her "Reminiscences," says that she was greatly amused when her husband told her of this speech, for at the dinner she sat next to Lord Beaconsfield and noticed that he drank nothing but a little weak brandy-and-water. "Of all the statesmen I have met," says the same writer, "the late Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone were the pleasantest companions at dinner. Both had the happy knack of seeming vastly interested in one's conversation, whatever the subject, or however frivolous. There was no condescension or 'tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb' about it. At the same time, I must own that any feeling of elation for having had, as one considered, a success was speedily destroyed, for the next

woman, whoever she might be, who had the privilege of sitting beside either of these great men would receive exactly the same courteous attention."

We have spoken of those who eat too much and talk too little, but on one occasion Whately, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, talked so much that he ate what he ought not to have eaten. He was dining with Baden-Powell, and Mrs. Powell had provided a dish of eighteen plovers' eggs, to match the number of her guests. Unfortunately, the dish was placed in front of Whately, who, amid the vehemence of his talk, devoured sixteen of the eggs successively. The Archbishop suffered in a similar way at his own table. At a ceremonial dinner at Dublin Mrs. Whately had ordered a dish of ruffs and reeves, an unusual and costly dainty. The ruffs and reeves, in a side dish, were opposite to an Irish clergyman, who, liking their look, stuck his fork into one after another. The hostess in vain tried to prevent him, by tempting him with other delicacies, but she was met with the placid answer, "No, thank you, ma'am; these little birds will do well enough for me."

In the "Memoirs" of that sporting parson Rev. John Russell, the following incident in a visit to the Prince of Wales is related. Finding the fish at dinner much to his taste, Russell had

sent for a second portion. Seeing no plate before the reverend gentleman, the Prince asked if he did not like fish. "Yes, sir," responded Russell, "I'm very fond of it, and have sent my plate for a second helping. And now I remember that's the very thing my wife charged me, on leaving home, not to do."

It is difficult to be agreeable at breakfast, and therefore each person should take this meal alone. Ideas do not come so early in the day, and there is little use in saying how we slept, or in remarking that there was rain in the night. Ask your enemies to breakfast, your acquaintances to lunch, and your friends to dinner, or, better still, to tea, for tea and good talk often go together. He who bores us at dinner robs us of a pleasure and injures our health, a fact which an alderman realised when he exclaimed to a stupid interrogator, "With your confounded questions, sir, you have made me swallow a piece of green fat without tasting it."

Many a poor wife has to swallow her dinner without tasting it because her inconsiderate husband chooses this time to find fault with herself, the children, the servants, and with everything except himself. The beef is too hard, the vegetables underdone, and everything is cold! "I think you might look after something! Oh, that

is no excuse." And so on, to the great disturbance of his own and of his wife's digestion. God sends us food, but the devil provides the few cross words that prevent it doing us good. We should have at least three laughs during dinner, and each person present is bound to contribute a share of agreeable talk, brightness, and good-humour. No sauce is so poisonous as scolding, and grumbling is not much better. Children have to be reproved, but one thing at a time; reproof is incompatible with good digestion. And cooks have to be reprimanded, but when one orders dinner next morning, not when one is eating it, is the proper time for that. One thing we certainly ought not to talk about at table, and that is digestion. There is need just now for an anti-symptom league for the suppression of disease in conversation, and that mother was justified who told a governess not to teach her daughter any more physiology as it made "her rude."

The less people think of health during meals the better. It is as unwholesome as it is rude to be too fastidious. Introspection and scrupulosity are as bad for the body as they are for the soul. There is an old medical maxim that the stomach loves surprises, and the thing we fancy will do us harm is sometimes beneficial. A lady beside whom I sat at a *table d'hôte*

dinner looked at something below the table whenever a dish was handed to her. She said to me, "No doubt you wonder at what I am looking so often; it is a list my doctor gave me of the things I may not eat." I replied, "If you wish for health, tear up that paper and eat what you like." To be sure that Scotchman was only prudent who said to a servant behind him, offering a dish which he could not see, "I never eat anything that is inveesible."

If we are to be genial to our fellow-creatures next day, we must only eat half as much at a dinner-party as we might eat. Not a little of the bad manners of the world comes from indigestion. In many cases the apothecary is more useful than the moralist. I heard it said of a generous-living lady who was rude at home that she should take an occasional pill for the sake of her family.

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CHAPTER XV

CLOTHES AND MANNERS

AN old squire in the West of Ireland called upon the mess of some military officers. On going away he remarked with great consideration: "Now perhaps you'll be after asking my son Tom to dine; but don't do anything of the kind, for he has neither clothes nor manners." The two things here coupled together, clothes and manners, do not in actual fact always go together.

A well-dressed crowd is often a badly-mannered crowd, as the police know to their cost.

Seeing a costly gown trailing in the mud, a lady who was walking near the owner said: "Excuse me, but your beautiful dress is being spoiled." "What is that to you? you did not pay for it," replied the snob. "Neither did you," was the deserved rejoinder, "or you would be more careful."

Red rags irritate bulls, and, on occasions,

clothes call forth the choler and accompanying discourtesy of human creatures. Is not this the case, for instance, when a wife presents to an impoverished husband a long bill for up-to-date fig-leaves?

Still, refinement in dress is generally associated with refinement in manners. The innate sensitive feeling which rejects the unbecoming in the one avoids it in the other.

At one of the oldest social clubs of Oxford the qualification for membership was to be *bene natus*, *bene vestitus*, *moderate doctus*, which means, of course, that the new-comer must be well born, well dressed, and moderately, not oppressively, learned. "The apparel oft proclaims the man," and still more the gentleman. The linen of such a one is immaculate, and he never deserves a rebuke such as the celebrated Lady Holland gave to an untidy youth who sat next her at dinner. Plunging her hand into his pocket, she drew out his handkerchief, and, with a sniff of disgust, gave it to the servant behind her chair, with the words, "Take that to the wash!"

The ideal gentleman scorns mock cuffs and fronts, Brummagen jewellery, or, indeed, any lie; he never over-dresses. His clothes are, like himself, unassuming, and in harmony with his doings and surroundings. People call him

a well-dressed man, but no one remembers what on any particular occasion he wore. He is a "gentleman to the tips of his nails," and therefore his nails are always neat. He never mixes up ceremonial clothes and dishabille. You would not see him in a tall hat and short coat or in a pot-hat and frock-coat.

It often cures a nervous headache for a woman to put on her best frock. Good, well-fitting clothes give confidence and improve carriage and manners. We feel that we have to live up to them. Even goodness and genius must avoid slovenliness.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has said: "My main reason for adopting literature as a profession was that, as the author is never seen by his clients, he need not dress respectably. *You have no idea what I look like in the street!*" If this self-conscious gentleman did condescend to decent dress, his address and manners might amend.

There is discipline in clothes. It is good for a man to be made to sit up by a stiff collar, and if a stud torment him let him forget himself by doing something polite for one who has real sorrows.

A young Englishman who was stationed in a place a hundred miles from another white man put on a dress-coat every evening for dinner. On returning to civilisation he said, "That

dress-coat kept me in touch with the old country and the old life; it kept me from becoming a slacker."

During the retreat from Russia a general came to Napoleon in full dress and freshly shaven. Seeing him thus in the midst of ruin and confusion, the Emperor said, "General, you are a brave man!"

One of our most successful generals was, when a young officer, favourably reported on because he had kept a clean collar for a big fight which he knew was impending.

Tidy dress prevents old age from being an eyesore. Why should a woman of forty or fifty bind rather than dress herself in dingy-coloured materials? (Women and insects should wear bright colours.) Why should she look like a shaggy old donkey? The "erring shoe-string," "the sweet disorder" are only excusable in youth.

We do not say that a man or woman should be dressy, but only that he or she should not offend or debase public taste. The worst-dressed people generally are those who aim at being smart; they only succeed in being vulgar. Genuine gentlefolk prefer to be under-dressed than over-dressed, especially on unceremonial occasions. They do not wish either to be in the height of fashion or in the depth of "dowdy-

ism." In reference to fashion they obey the precept of the poet Pope :

> "Be not the first by whom the new is tried
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

We ought not to think too much about our covering or too little. The best way to keep the golden mean is to attend to clothes in the dressing-room and entirely forget them out of it.

In the *Tatler* Richard Steele thus described a woman who dressed well : " Flavia is ever well dressed, and always the genteelest woman you meet ; but the make of her mind very much contributes to the ornament of her body. She has the greatest simplicity of manners of any of her sex. This makes everything look native about her, and her clothes are so exactly fitted that they appear as it were part of her person. . . . There is such a composure in her looks, and propriety in her dress, that you would think it impossible she should change the garb you one day see her in for anything so becoming, until you next day see her in another. There is no other mystery in this but that however she is apparelled, she is herself the same ; for there is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that a woman must think well to look well."

This was written two hundred years ago, but it is equally applicable to the woman who dresses

well in our day. And here is the key to the whole question—"A woman must think well to look well." A fool never dresses well.

Music and painting are accomplishments, but dressing is a necessity, and all women should show their appreciation of art by making or, at least, putting on their dresses artistically. It is the wearer that makes the success of a dress, and she it is who should know best how to adapt fashions to suit herself—

> "She's adorned
> Amply that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
> The truest mirror that an honest wife
> Can see her beauty in."

Why should not a wife dress as prettily in order to please her husband as she did when that individual was only her lover?

The natural thing for women is to dress to please men, and this they used to do, but now they dress to outvie one another; so that whereas three hundred pounds a year used to be considered liberal pin-money for a lady of rank, now the poor thing can hardly cover herself with that sum. Then girls with comparatively small allowances have to compete with young rich married women, and so the folly goes on.

And those elderly ladies who have gone to the dogs in the sense of having only canine cares

now devote much money and thought to putting superfluous clothes on their over-fed, badly-mannered lap-dogs.

A man wrote to me to inquire whether it was necessary for him to wear a frock-coat and silk hat on the first of June, the day when he was to be married. I answered that we have to suffer to be beautiful, and that as his fiancée wished him to be in regulation costume, he must not put on the cooler garb that seemed to him to be more reasonable.

St. Paul tells Timothy that women should adorn themselves with good works rather than with costly raiment. St. Peter, too, says that the adornment of the heart is of more importance than any outward adornment. Tertullian, no doubt, was thinking of this when in one of his sermons he gives the following hints to a woman who wishes to dress well: "Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermillion; dress your eyebrows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head. Let your garments be made of the silk of probity and the fine linen of sanctity."

No cosmetics are so capable of preserving and even of creating beauty as the smile of good temper and a desire to please. The woman who is courteous to every one, even to her husband,

acquires in time a beautiful expression, and that is the highest kind of beauty. If women knew how ugly they make their faces by doing so, they would scold less their husbands and their servants.

The tall hat is opposed to the rules of good taste. Its lines are straight and inartistic, and there is too much material up in the air wasting. So far, however, is the "stove-pipe" from being killed by abuse that it may be said to crown and dominate civilisation. A tall hat is as necessary to the reputation of a London physician as are a carriage and a wife. The merchant of greatest credit would probably soon fail if he took to wearing only a cap in the City. To have a "shocking bad hat" was once considered the mark of a clever man, but now some of our smartest politicians, and even men of letters, do their thinking under stylish, well-brushed "toppers." Indeed, there are few people who can afford to disregard appearances in this respect.

We can with difficulty separate a cardinal even in thought from his red hat. Whether or not bishops should wear mitres which may be considered official hats is being anxiously discussed by all in the Church of England who have nothing more important to think about. In hot countries right reverends roast under black silk

shovel-hats because their lordships feel that this is expected of them, and that even savages would object to their wearing cooler but less orthodox headgear. Many wicked people would cease to think of archdeacons as venerable, or care a button about them (to speak with brutal plainness), if they did not wear hats with buttons in front. And if we think of the rank and file, the ordinary country parson can generally define his theological position better by what is outside his head in the shape of a hat than by what is within. How difficult it is to get even a soft clerical hat that does not express "views"! As for the "stiff clerical," as the hard hat is called by the trade, it is uncompromising in its opinions.

St. Paul said that Christianity is not meat or drink, but some seem to think that it is clothes. What an unnecessary fuss is made about ecclesiastical vestments! Why should there be so much controversy about clergymen's clothes? It is childlike, or rather, ladylike.

Who would believe in the learning of a barrister without a wig, or consider that a murderer had got justice if the judge in sentencing him did not don a black cap? It is admitted that cocked hats are very unserviceable, but many high officials wear them, and they would be thought little of if they did not.

The hat enters into domestic relations. A man is advised to hang up his hat where there is an eligible young lady, and a woman (not, of course, a new one) has been known to set her cap at a man. Character is shown by the way men take off their hats as much as by the way they shake hands. All kinds of feeling, from burning love to bitter hatred, may be expressed in this form of salutation.

What is the origin of saluting by taking off the hat? It comes from a time when a vanquished man gave his armour to his conqueror. Then his clothes were handed over, and now the hat is presented as representing the rest of his clothes, which it would not do to take off. The lady must be satisfied with the hat only being offered to her as a sign that the man is conquered by her gracious kindness.

As every one knows, it is the kind of button in the official cap of a Chinese mandarin that indicates his rank. I wonder is it from this that the expression "I don't care a button" comes? The Chinese think that Europeans are very absurd as regards head-covering. Even though it may be warm out of doors and cold in the house we put on hats when we go out and take them off when we come in. The Chinese do the opposite. They cover their heads indoors when it is cold and go out bareheaded when

the day is warm, merely holding a fan over the part of the head or face where the sun strikes. If you go into the house or office of a well-bred Chinaman and his cap is off, he puts it on to show respect. In the same way if the pig-tail of a Chinaman is wound round his head he lets it fall down his back when he is going to speak to his superior.

I am afraid to burn my fingers with the question of ladies' hats. The duty of men is to admire and not try to understand them. Why should we give ourselves brain-fever by trying to distinguish between cart-wheel hats, picture-hats, mushroom-hats, toreadors, and toques? I am told in confidence that the last is simply a rose-bud and a bit of net fastened on half an inch of lace. This and nothing more to make *head*-way against an English climate!

I once attended service at the Salt Lake City Mormon Tabernacle. The preacher began his address by asking the ladies when they had sufficiently displayed their millinery to be kind enough to remove their hats. With one graceful, simultaneous gesture every hat was taken off and placed on the owner's knees or by her side. This was very considerate, for there are many ladies who, at theatres and other places of public resort, allow their hats to interfere with the comfort of fellow-spectators.

If hats indicate character, what are we to think of girls and women who wear those that may be said to be entirely composed of parts of birds and beasts? A lady thinks that her brother who robs birds'-eggs is very cruel, and all the time perhaps she has the whole or part of a mother bird on her head!

A friend of the writer on returning from a walk asked a servant if any one had called. "Yes," was the reply, "a lady with one of them merciless hats." She meant a hat trimmed with a bird, a squirrel, or some other murdered creature. If women had more in their heads they would wear less upon them, and no real lady would carry about the "creation" of giblets, flowers, and vegetables that is sometimes called a hat. The most beautiful head-covering that I have seen is the profuse hair of the Spanish girl, neatly done up, and having a rose or some one other flower stuck in it. The girls of Spain used to wear only this on their heads. Now they are ruining their appearance, and probably the sweet simplicity of their manners, by donning the hats of the fashionable savages of other countries. Only bald or half-covered heads need hats or bonnets.

A considerable amount of manners and even of Christianity may be shown with a hat. "Who is that bishop?" a well-known public man was

asked. "Oh, Bishop——; and not a bad fellow either. This is why I like him. I once saw him go up to two ladies whom I happened to know, but who were strangers to him, in the street in the rain. He had on a brand-new hat; but he lent them his umbrella, walked off in the rain, and quietly spoiled his hat."

Rude intolerance is shown to people who, like myself, belong to the hatless brigade. It seems to me that a hat gives colds when one forgets it on occasions, and that it is quite useless except in very sunny climates. Wearing it continually, even in offices as some men do, causes baldness. Nature says, "If you won't wear the hat I give you, that is your hair, I shall take it off."

A tall hat gives me a headache and a low one is too hot. When riding a horse or bicycle or when I am at sea I keep my hat on by not wearing it. When I was bicycling once in Ireland a man called out from a cart, "Why don't you wear a hat? You must wear a hat." I shouted back, "Because your hat has given you neither sense nor manners." When in London I carry a hat in my hand and put it on my head for a moment when a fool stares. I am ashamed at not having a stronger non-conformist conscience.

The nice people with nasty ideas who want tin trousers put on statues think it rude to keep un-

covered the head, or, indeed, any part of the body. They object to the beautiful bare feet of dancers; they put converted savages into reach-me-down European clothes with the result that the savages catch pneumonia or deteriorate in morals. Rather than over-clothe ourselves as we do, it would be cheaper and more healthy, morally and physically, if we dispensed with clothes altogether as Adam and Eve did before they sinned.

What a pity that the peasant costumes and distinctive dress that were so picturesque have almost disappeared. Half the charm of travelling is now gone, for only the same cheap, monotonous clothes are to be seen. Even Chinamen are taking to pot-hats.

We commend the following to those who have so little proper pride that they ape in their dress a class of society to which they do not belong. A Dublin printer, named George Falkner, once called upon Dean Swift, on his return from London, dressed in a coat of silk brocade and gold lace, and seemed not a little proud of himself. The Dean affected not to know his old acquaintance, declared him an impostor, and bade him begone. Falkner, seeing his mistake, returned home, and resuming his usual dress, again went to the Deanery. He was very cordially received. "Ah, George," said the

Dean, "I am so glad to see you, for here has been an impudent coxcomb, bedizened in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself for you; but I soon sent the fellow about his business, for I knew you to be always a plain-dressed and honest man, just as you now appear before me."

CHAPTER XVI

COURTESY AND REVERENCE IN CHURCH

A CHRISTIAN without courtesy is like a millionaire who has no money in his pocket. And yet sometimes even in church courtesy is conspicuous by its absence.

On one occasion when Jackson, Bishop of London, had concluded a sermon in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the verger opened the door of the pulpit and banged it with a great noise. Then he whispered to the perplexed prelate that the Duke of Wellington was asleep, and that, not liking to touch him, they adopted this method of rousing him. This shows the undue indulgence to rank that was in a church called after the Apostle who deprecated one treatment for the rich and another for the poor.

The great Duke himself knew that "our mother the Church hath never a son to honour before the rest," and he said to one who pushed aside a poor man who was going up before the

Duke to the Holy Communion, "We are all equal here."

I have seen the officials of the English church at Nice go to the late Lord Salisbury when he sat in the pew nearest the door and ask him to go up higher, but he would not do so.

Theoretically, all are equal in church; but in practice the rich and the titled are considered as being of different flesh and blood from the poor and the "common people."

Two or three generations ago a Scotch clergyman named Thom in the midst of his sermon stopped and called out, "Bailie Brown, ye mauna snore sae loud, for ye'll wauken the Provost."

After saying that the parish church in England is managed by the Vicar and a few influential people, the Bishop of Norwich exclaims: "Oh, that expression, the 'influential people'! What harm it has done! There are those who appear to think that the Church exists for the influential people. To this I cordially assent, if we may merely omit the word 'influential.' The artisan knows that none of his sort has any part in the work or management of the Church. Nobody accosts him when he attends, or extends to him the right hand of fellowship, or misses him when he stays away. He thinks he is neither welcomed nor wanted, and will go else-

where where he will be, or else he gives up religion as a bad job" ("A Bishop in the Rough," p. xxv.). That working men do feel in this way is borne out by the "Reminiscences" of one of them just published. "Sundays," he says, "were always miserable during my stay in London. I tried the Church, only to be told twice that I must come out of the pew I had entered."

There must be free and open sittings in churches if the poorly clad are to feel at home in them. As it is, they are deterred by the cushioned comfort of smug respectability.

It is not enough to post a welcomer at a church door to do manners for the rest of the congregation. This shopwalker individual always frightens me away—especially if he seize my hand. What right has a stranger to take such a liberty? No; what is wanted is that the whole congregation should have manners.

This, however, it seldom has. Each member of a British Protestant congregation thinks it necessary to put on a pharisaical, almost threatening, church countenance, and this alarms any poor publican and sinner who may wander amongst them.

Two ladies were kneeling at the General Confession and some people came into the pew. This almost forced one of the ladies to ask the other

if she would move up a little. "No," was the reply, and then a continuation of the confession —"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done," &c.

A young man hesitated at the door of a church. Though the congregation stared and looked forbidding, he had courage to walk up the aisle. Nobody offered him a seat, though some pews had only one or two occupants. These holy people lowered their heads in prayer as an excuse for incivility. The youth quietly left the church, and returned with a large log of wood on his shoulder which he had found in the churchyard. Staggering up the aisle with his burden, he put it down and sat on it until the service ended, when he again shouldered the log and walked out. The congregation are now particularly polite to strangers.

Contrast this with the following. One Sunday morning there wandered into Spurgeon's Tabernacle a prodigal son. He was from the Highlands of Scotland, and was alone among the husks of life in London. A cheerful little old woman made room for him in her pew. She lent him a hymn-book, and when the service was over she talked to him, asked if he were not a stranger, and inquired about his home, finally invited him to take tea with her. He told the story himself, with the comment, "If all the

pious people I've known had been like that woman, I think I'd have been different from what I am."

The clothes worn in church are much too grand. They "scream of Mammon"; they make those who cannot afford fine raiment ashamed; they convert the sanctuary into a milliner's showroom; they distract attention from worship. For myself, I cannot see a lady in church wearing on her jacket the heads of sables and of other little beasts and on her hat the feathers of birds without thinking, by way of contrast, of these lines of Coleridge:

"Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest,
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

When church-going becomes a full-dress parade it is the devil that is saluted as commanding officer.

When a lady on one occasion told Horace Walpole that she was going to church, he replied, "I never go there myself." And then added, "Not that I see any harm in it."

Surely Divine Service ought to be more than this. We ought to enjoy it. A little girl asked

her mother what was meant by the dissolution of Parliament. On being told she exclaimed, "Hurrah! then there'll be one prayer less in Church!" This little girl is not unlike grown-up people. They begrudge every moment they spend in church, and speak of the preacher as though he were guilty of a crime if his sermon is eleven minutes long instead of ten. And yet these people seldom put the time that is on their hands on returning from church to a profitable or pleasant account. Even out of church they are bored, so they need not have been so impatient to leave it. To such people we commend the following words of a thorough man of the world: "I will challenge any man or woman," Cecil Rhodes used to say, "however broad their ideas may be, who objects to go to church or chapel to say they would not sometimes be better for an hour or an hour and a half in church." It is true that there are sermons in stones as well as in a "stick of a preacher," but the ordinary man does not extract sermons from stones.

People would not behave in the presence of a king or even of a nobleman as some of them do in the house of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Look at their attitude during prayers. It is not kneeling, it is not standing, it is not sitting, it is not lying down.

A preacher was vexed by the talking and giggling of three members of his congregation. Breaking off in the middle of his discourse, he looked at them and said: "Some years ago there happened to sit in front of the pulpit a young man who laughed, talked, and made faces. I stopped short and took him severely to task. At the end of the service a gentleman stepped up to me and said: 'Sir, you have made a mistake; that young man is an idiot.' Since that time I have hesitated to reprimand any person who behaved indecorously in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and inflict censure upon an idiot."

When Carlyle was a young man the preacher in a church in Dumfriesshire where he attended said that youth and beauty would be laid in the grave. Something made Carlyle smile, so the preacher stopped suddenly, looked with a frown at him, and said, "Mistake me not, young man; it is *youth alone* that you possess."

Those who do not think it is their duty to attend Divine Service should respect the feelings of those who do. For this reason it is bad manners to come in late or leave before the end of the service, if doing so disturb the congregation. And what shall we say of those who use horrible scent, or of those who put buttons or bad coins into offertory bags?

An old Scotchman was congratulated upon the good behaviour of his little grandson in church. "Ay," said the old man, "Duncan's weel threetened afore he gangs in." Children should only be sent to services for children. Even at confirmation some of them do not behave as well as they might. When Temple was Head Master of Rugby, he overheard a boy say, "I am entered for the Confirmation Stakes." "You may say now," said Temple, "that you were scratched." There was a time, we are told by the Bishop of Norwich, when a Bishop had nothing better to say of confirmation than this: "My dear brethren, we have just been engaged in an interesting, and I must confess, so far as I myself can conceive, a wholly unobjectionable ceremony."

Speaking to his aunt, with whom he was going to church a few Sundays ago, a boy friend of mine, aged six, remarked: "I go to church not for my amusement, but for my good."

This child was precocious, not to say priggish, but even to one of his years the habitual conduct of his parents in church must have seemed wrong. His mother looked about at the costumes and his father used to bring him out by the hand before the sermon, using the boy as an excuse for church-leaving as beggars

use children to make mendicity seem almost meritorious.

It was a saying amongst the London clergy when Dr. Temple was their Bishop that "Temple had no polished corners." This may have been true of the Bishop outside church, but his manner inside was always that of a humble, spiritually-minded Christian."

Speaking of the manner of an officiating minister, a thoughtful woman lately remarked to me: "I would rather have reverence than talent in church. What is wanted is faith."

A preacher is never justified in provoking people to leave his church by introducing controversial subjects. To do this is to make the pulpit a coward's castle. And if the sermon is also stupid he well deserves what a barrister said: "A whole week to get up the case and no reply from the other side, and I do not think much of it!"

An unprepared sermon is like schism, either a necessity or a sin. For a clergyman to preach a badly-prepared sermon is unmannerly, because it shows disrespect for his audience; but it is equally uncivil for people not to listen.

The success of a sermon depends upon the listeners as much as upon the preacher. He that hath ears to hear let him hear; but how differently do people hear! One who has

greatly moved and benefiitted by a sermon which he heard at a seaside church tells us that he was much surprised to hear, as he came out of the building, a well-dressed young man say to a girl: "A long-winded fellow that; let us go on the Parade."

Every extempore preacher feels when he has even one sympathetic listener in a congregation, and is shivered almost into speechlessness by a single wet blanket. A man who had been a great critic of sermons was ordained when well advanced in middle life. He was unable to preach as easily as he thought he would, and asked Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, the probable reason. "Because," replied the Bishop, "you have sat for forty years in the seat of the scornful, and you know what people are thinking or saying of you."

If some occupants of pews who are severe in their criticism of sermons had to preach, they would find that performance is by no means as easy as criticism. A colonel in the Army, known to the writer, continually objected to the manner and the matter of the sermons of a military chaplain. At last the chaplain asked him to preach at the voluntary service in the garrison church and see what impression he would make. The gallant officer accepted the invitation, but his manner was so regimental and his doctrine

so narrow that several of the regular attendants said that if the man preached again they would come no more to the church.

If we are on the look-out for something to learn from a sermon, we can nearly always get it.

"Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthern pot.
The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.
He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains."

People could help the preacher by regular attendance at church. Nothing is so unsympathetic and depressing as empty pews.

A Scotch minister speaking in his sermon about a scanty attendance at an afternoon service said: "I canna tell how it may look to the Almichtie that sae few o' ye come to the second diet o' worship, but I maun say that it's showin' unco little respect to mysel'."

After attending service at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, Samuel Pepys thus wrote in his Diary: "Did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done."

And again at Hackney Church: "That which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty; and also the organ."

The motives and conduct of many church-goers are no better than those of Pepys, but the church-goers are less honest in reference to them.

Some tourists when visiting show churches are as rude as they are irreverent. I once went into the most ancient Koptic church in Old Cairo, and found that it had been invaded by travelling Americans. Half of the men had their hats on, and many of them smoked. A few rested their elbows on an altar and read aloud Baedeker and Murray.

Even in Westminster Abbey, even in that "temple of silence and reconciliation", I saw underneath the monument of Shakespeare, and beside the one that recorded the "gentle manners" of the poet Gay, a group of Americans who were not "gentle." They talked loudly of the cooking at the hotel where they were staying, and of that on board the ship that had brought them over. This led to a discussion about sea-sickness and the number of meals it had caused them to miss, and to other items of "grovelling thought."

CHAPTER XVII

MANNERS TO SUPERIORS

THE question of manners to so-called superiors has sometimes political importance. For years Great Britain and China were on the verge of war chiefly because the latter insisted that our ambassador, when he had an audience with the Emperor, should conform to Chinese custom, and do homage by knocking his head on the ground nine times.

Monarchs are not as dangerous now as they were when Nehemiah was afraid his head would be cut off because sorrow of heart prevented him from looking cheerful when officiating as cupbearer at a royal banquet. Every one presented to a king of this kind would put on their best company manners. These should not be cringing or servile, for if they were they might irritate. A petitioner approached the Roman Emperor Augustus with so much fear and trembling that the Emperor cried, "What, man! do you think you are giving a sop to an

elephant?" He did not care to be thought a hard and cruel ruler.

The great Duke of Wellington said in reference to his own and to that of another minister's attendance upon Queen Victoria, "I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Certainly our late Queen liked to be amused, and those got on best with her who were natural. She once asked a bachelor clergyman why he did not keep one or two curates less and have a wife. The divine answered, "If, Ma'am, I cannot agree with curates they leave the parish; if I disagreed with a wife I might have to leave." When Thomas Carlyle was presented to the same sovereign he said, "I am an old man, and with your Majesty's permission I shall sit down."

It is etiquette when talking to royal persons to leave it to them to introduce new topics, and a direct question must not be asked. I have heard of an aide-de-camp being told by a prince to answer for him some one who had asked such a question.

At the dinner-parties of Queen Victoria conversation was carried on in whispers, and mirth had to be of a mitigated kind. The story goes that a young officer on guard at Windsor Castle was invited to the royal dinner and tried to enliven the proceedings. Her Majesty, hearing suppressed laughter, asked what it was about,

and the officer had to repeat his little joke. Fixing a cold eye upon him, the Queen said, "We are not amused."

It was said of Gladstone that he talked to the same royal lady as though she were a department of state. Disraeli got on better with her by speaking to her as to a woman. A report was sent to the officer commanding a regiment that had been inspected by the late Duke of Cambridge. In it His Royal Highness said that a subaltern in the second company that marched past saluted him as if he were conferring a favour upon him.

We have mentioned the Duke of Wellington, and this reminds us of what he said to a man who, having helped him across Piccadilly, was expatiating on the great honour it had been to do so—"Don't be a d——d fool!" Tennyson once remarked that this was almost as great in its way as the Battle of Waterloo.

When bishops were scarcer in the Church of England than they are now, they were high and mighty. Their clergy felt that they ought not to be in the same world with them, and some, to curry favour, adopted a falling-down-deadness kind of manner. Sydney Smith said that when he sat beside a bishop at dinner he was so nervous that he crumbled bread with one hand, and that when he sat beside an archbishop he

did so with both hands. And yet these lordly apostles could be won over by wit. One of them spoke of how humour should be defined, and a clergyman said, "If your lordship will give me the living of —— it will be humorous." "How is that?" "It will be a good thing well applied," was the answer, and it got him the cure of souls.

The manners of young people of the present day to their elders and to those who are put in authority over them are more what they would be to schoolfellows. There is not the proper flavour, or, indeed, any flavour, of deference in them.

In a Court of Inquiry in a recent case of ragging in the Army, the officer ragged was said to have made himself unpopular by the familiarity of his manners. On the day he joined he called a captain "old chap."

Much familiarity to any one is rude, but especially to one in a higher official or social position. A parish medical man, having written to the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland, "My dear Duchess," that caustic wit replied, "Sir, I am *not* your dear Duchess."

I asked a young man some time ago why, as he seemed to have a taste for the Army, he did not become an officer. "Because," he replied, "I would not like to have to salute

a superior officer." A young man of this disposition would not be a valuable acquisition to any profession. He could never have been at a public school, and he knew little of the Army for it is the commission of the superior officer that is saluted and not the individual.

It is a bad sign when people have to insist on salutes and other signs of respect. The father of the present Lord T——, who was remarkable for the stateliness of his manners, one day when riding through a village near Oxford met a lad dragging a cow along the road. His lordship asked the boy if he knew him. He replied, "Ees." "What is my name?" "Why, Lord T——," answered the boy. "Then why don't you take off your hat?" "I—I will, sur," said the boy, "if ye'll hold the cow."

Nothing tends to establish healthy, hearty relations between the two classes in a household like a kindly recognition of the value of the service which the servants render. It does not make them presuming. Rather they grow presuming when they have to fight for their little dignity against hard or unjust assumption, or where there is no dignity to respect in the superior.

To those who have to manage servants we would say, "Do not be afraid of insisting upon that respect which your position demands. In

turn you can point out that every rank in life has its own peculiar dignity, and that no one is more worthy of respect than a good servant.

But, indeed, some servants are only too dignified. The notice "Beware of the dog" does not frighten me. What I do fear as I approach a grand house is the superiority of the butler or footman who will open the hall door.

It is said that servants should be treated as members of the family, but would not some of them resent this?

There are supersensitive people who go about their duties with the air of martyrs because they think that they do not get sufficient respect from their superiors.

On the vexed question of "visitors," mistresses might say to their servants, "When we stay in a lady's house we cannot ask visitors without an invitation from our hostess, and we wish you to observe the same courtesy towards us. When we think it advisable, we will tell you to invite your friends, but we reserve to ourselves the right to issue the invitation; and if your friends come to see you, we expect that you shall ask our permission if you may receive them."

When asked at school "What is your duty towards your betters?" a child replied, "To keep their hands from picking and stealing." The masses and classes have begun to suspect

each other of intended robbery, and this cannot fail to mar their mutual manners. All but paid agitators must hope that a day will come by co-operation, by Christian Socialism, or by some other means, when there will be a smile of sympathy instead of a scowl of aversion between capital and labour, when Boaz will say to his workpeople, "The Lord be with you!" and they will answer, "The Lord bless thee!"

It is almost laughable to note the demeanour of a servant who, when out for a walk in her Sunday best, meets her master. She turns her head haughtily aside, and the pair who have been recently engaged in the intimacies of the breakfast-table pass each other like strangers.

The more the "classes" and the "masses" see of each other, the less is their dislike. The poor appreciate the grace, culture, and wider interests of the rich, and the latter gain quite as much, or even more, by coming to know the patience, the unself-consciousness, the self-sacrifice, and the hopefulness of the poor.

CHAPTER XVIII

MANNERS TO SUBORDINATES

THE mode in which people conduct themselves towards inferiors is even a better test of good breeding than their bearing towards superiors and equals.

"The love and admiration," says Kingsley, speaking of Sir Philip Sidney, "which that truly brave and loving man won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came into contact seems to have arisen from the fact that, without perhaps having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the nobleman, his guests, alike; and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately, so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went."

If life has brought success to you, you ought not to flaunt it in the face of a less fortunate man. He knows that you have won prizes without your rubbing it in. A hectoring manner

towards subordinates marks the person more than a little doubtful of his social standing.

Even from interested motives rudeness to subordinates is a mistake. A successful business man remarked, "No man nowadays can afford to be uncivil, even to his office boy."

When Sir William Jones was Governor of Jamaica he was noted for always politely acknowledging the salutes of negroes. Some one remonstrated and said that this was not a fashionable thing to do. "But I," said Sir William, "would not be beaten by a negro in politeness." Sir William when thus acting was obeying an injunction of Burke, "Never permit yourself to be outdone in courtesy by your inferiors."

When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the Papal chair the ambassadors of the several States represented at his Court waited on him with their congratulations. When they were introduced and bowed he returned the compliment by bowing also, on which the master of ceremonies told his Holiness that he should not have returned their salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the Pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

People forget that when they are rude to the poor, to subordinates, or even to those who have been rude to them, they dishonour themselves.

Certainly no one gains the friendship of people in the class we call poor who does not behave to them with exactly the same respect and courtesy which are expected among the well-to-do. They can tell the difference in a moment. They feel patronage like a breath of icy wind, and it nips the pleasant blossoms of good-fellowship. They know at once when they are being treated as "the lower classes."

Lord Chesterfield left legacies to all his servants, calling them "his unfortunate friends, equal by birth, but only inferior by fortune." This nobleman was unlike those vulgarians who think that good manners are wasted upon servants. "I am more upon my guard as to my behaviour to my servants, and to others who are called my inferiors, than I am towards my equals, for fear of being suspected of that mean and ungenerous sentiment of desiring to make others feel that difference which fortune has, perhaps too undeservedly, made between us."

We should feel just as thankful to our servants for serving us as we expect them to be for the shelter and care of the home which we offer them. There is a perfectly reciprocal obligation, and the manner of the employer should show this. It is difficult to strike this mean between superciliousness and excessive familiarity, but we should aim at it.

There is nothing which provokes subordinates to insubordination so much as the uncertainty of manner which plays with them one moment and pounces on them the next.

Servants appreciate evenness of temper which respects itself at the same time that it respects others. A lady visited a dying servant who had lived with her for thirty years. "How are you to-day, Mary?" "Is that you, my darling mistress?" replied the old woman; adding, as she looked at her, "Oh, yes! it is you, my kind, my *mannerly* mistress."

A friend of an eminent man of science tells us that he has seen him in "a fever of distress until he had written a letter of apology to a servant-maid to whom he had, not without warrant, said a sharp word."

A servant said that Lady Blanche Balfour, mother of the present statesman, had on one occasion rebuked her for replying that she was well when, in fact, she was not. "But the truth is," explained the servant, "I *felt* well because Lady Blanche spoke to me." The mistress who possesses winning ways like this has solved the servant difficulty, and the amount of good she does can hardly be estimated.

In reference to manners it is "as with the servant so with the master, as with the maid so with her mistress." Bad masters make bad

servants. What can they expect who never speak to those who wait upon them and do so much for their gratification except to command or admonish?

Some one has said that employers should always speak kindly to a maid-servant when they meet her on the stairs. Certainly a mistress should, but if a master's conversation were long drawn out there might be more words not so kind from his wife.

In their relation to each other mistresses and servants have need of patience. The former should remember that the latter are made of the same material as they are; nor should servants forget that they are hired to help and not to hinder their employers. For both, "Bear and forbear" is a golden rule.

> "I'll not willingly offend,
> Nor be easily offended:
> What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
> And endure what can't be mended."

If superiors treat their subordinates courteously they will by doing so teach them manners and get a good return for the civility they have invested. If, on the other hand, they provoke disrespect they will get it.

A lady of rank produced almost poetical politeness in an old Irish peasant by saying "Thank you very much," when, with some diffi-

culty, he had made room for her on a narrow path. He drew himself up and said, "May a warm pillow always touch your cheek, lady!"

The head of an American college thought himself too great a man to know the undergraduates. Of course, they all knew him, but one of them punished the great unknowable in this way. He was a steward at some function and had to show guests to seats. The head came, with some ladies, before whom he, of course, wished to be honoured. The undergraduate, pretending not to know him, asked, "What name, please?"

On which side of shop-counters are manners better? Compared to the brusqueness and impatience of many of their customers the calmness and self-control of British shop-assistants is great. They have to put up with those who give much trouble and buy little. And they have to stand this literally, for in too many cases they have no seats. It would really be better for the characters of customers if our shop-keepers were as contemptuously indifferent as are salesmen in the far East.

It is said that when some one asked the beautiful Duchess of Somerset in a shop, "Was this the gentleman who served you?" she replied, "No; it was that nobleman with the bald head." This was an ill-mannered answer,

for it may have hurt the feelings of the individual, and it was stupid ; for why should not a shop-assistant be spoken of as a gentleman, though personally I would rather be called simply a man?

After all, it was hard for the " gentleman " to be strung up to concert-pitch of gentility during working hours. When he went home he probably would desire, as a certain lady's tailor used to do, to get into old clothes, grin, dance a gig, jump over chairs, and play the fool generally. We have heard of an American lady who retired to her room after a social function to " rest her expression."

The best-mannered subordinates are Irish and other Celts. They can be deferential without being subservient, and familiar without giving any cause for offence.

When a person who has little money stays in the house of one who has much the subordinates appear to him very superior. He is ashamed when a valet comes to the easy task of unpacking his little portmanteaux. He has heard of a butler saying, " I never haccept hanything but gold " ; so when going away he offers his timid tip of inferior metal to his butlership, to the dignitary who valeted him, and to others in the doubting, diffident way in which a child tries a gorilla with a nut.

Leaving a country house a young man gave a servant half a crown. "This pleasant personage," said the narrator of the incident, "there and then before his eyes spun the coin into the air, saw it fall upon the carpet, turned on his heel and left the room." I hope the visitor pocketed the money as I did when in a hotel in New York a waiter thought that my tip was not worth taking up from the table where I had placed it. In this case I thought that charity should begin at home, and regretted that it ever left it. Silver is always useful to me.

How much trouble have I given? An answer to this will guide us as to the tip that is expected. We remember the haggard-looking being whom *Punch* makes to say:

> "Take, oh steward, thrice thy fee;
> I've been as sick as any three."

CHAPTER XIX

COURTEOUS CENSURE

THERE are times when people are in duty bound to find fault; but often their fault-finding has either no effect at all, or one the opposite of that which they intended, so badly is it done. To find fault well is a fine art, requiring a considerable amount of tact and judgment. That fine artist, John Leech, used to reprimand his children in this way. If their faces were distorted with temper, he sketched them and let the owners of the faces see how ugly naughtiness is.

It is wrong to give a rebuke if he who administers it, or he who receives it, is angry, or hungry, or out-of-sorts, or preoccupied. On the other hand, one can say anything to a person who has dined well, or who has been made to laugh. It need hardly be said that we should never or scarcely ever find fault with a person in the presence of others. To do so puts up his back, and pride prevents him from acknowledg-

ing that he has done wrong. Dr. Whewell, the famous Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, censured, in the presence of company, an old servant who was waiting at table. The man quietly interposed with the inquiry: "Had we not better talk of this, sir, when you and I are alone?" This made Dr. Whewell look foolish, and he afterwards said that he felt at once that he was wrong.

The reproof which has most sympathy in it will be most effectual. Censure is not resented when it is known to be a surgeon's lancet, and not a weapon of offence. When St. Paul wrote to the Philippians of those whom he called "the enemies of the cross of Christ," he did so "even weeping." He would rather have praised them, if he could have done so, and no doubt it was more painful for him to censure than for them to be censured. "It hurts me more than it hurts you," said a father to his son whom he had caned.

Those people find fault with most grace who are known to like to praise more than to blame. A housekeeper does not object to a man at one time saying, "This beef is underdone," "This mutton is tough," "Fish not up to much," "Soup burnt," if he say at other times, "How good this duck is!" "What a tender chicken!" "Nice piece of fish!" Thomas Ken, Bishop

of Bath and Wells, author of the Morning and Evening Hymns and of the Doxology, had acquired the art of profitable fault-finding. He was chaplain to Charles II., and spoke plainly to the King, who, however, was never angry at his faithfulness. "I must go," he used to say, "and hear little Ken tell me of my faults."

We know what pains Dr. Arnold took at Rugby to study the characters of his pupils, so that he might best adapt correction to each particular case. "I will chide," says one of Shakespeare's characters, "no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." A lady got hold of a book called "How to be Happy though Married," put paper-marks in all the pages that speak of the duties of husbands to their wives, and left it on several occasions in her husband's way, hoping that he would be edified. Turning to a chapter addressed to wives, the husband found the leaves uncut!

We know our Lord's teaching about the beam and the mote, and certainly Seneca was never more "naturally Christian" than when he said, "Let a man consider his own vices, reflect upon his own follies, and he will see that he has the greatest reason to be angry with himself."

Censure should never be allowed to degenerate into nagging. Give a good sharp reprimand and

then have done with it. Nagging means finding fault in reference to trifles and harping on one string. It is a constant repetition of petty reproof. Nothing is more irritating than to rake up faults that have been already censured, and grumble about them again and again. A man remarked, "I can't be said to have a bad temper, for it's no sooner on than it's off." "Yes," replied his friend, "but then it's no sooner off than it's on." So it is with the man who nags. He worries his subject for a while, then leaves it, and then goes back to it and gives it another shake as a cat does to a mouse.

Not seldom a silent rebuke is best, and certainly, before speaking of faults in another, we should consider ourselves lest we also be tempted. This spirit of meekness and absence of anything like rejoicing in iniquity will soften him or her who has to be morally pruned. The moment we assume an air of superiority, that moment the moral pruning-knife becomes useless. People refuse correction when their wrong is compared with the corrector's right, and such phrases as "I always knew how it would be," "I told you it would come to this," are used.

A man with strong limbs would be considered extremely brutal if he boasted his superiority over a cripple; and, if we pity people who are halt or blind or tortured by cancer, why should

we not also commiserate those who are afflicted, and, therefore, whether they know it or not, distressed morally?

Though never indifferent, we should always be patient and tolerant. The best of men are only men at best, and, if we cannot make ourselves what we would like to be, we need not be surprised if we cannot make others what we want. "'Twere easier to tell twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow your own teaching."

One thing we can always do for people, and that is pray *for* them, never *at* them, nor as a rule before them, but in secret to our Heavenly Father. If this do not alter them, it will improve our method of using the moral pruning-knife upon them. Married people, for instance, often see in each other, not without anxiety and a personal responsibility, some fault hardening, some good habit growing weaker. What better way than to speak of it in prayer to God? He will make for us an opportunity, and find the word for us to say in season, and with discretion.

If a reproof is valuable in proportion as it is free from egotism and selfishness, so those profit most who receive correction in the same spirit. Instead of being angry with those who tell us our faults, we should be obliged to them for undertaking so thankless a task. What can

be better for us than to see ourselves as others see us? When we know that a friend wishes us well, and only censures us in order to do us good and keep us from coming to grief, the least we can do is to accept such wholesome blame in the same spirit as that which suggested it.

It is foolish to allow official fault-finding to disturb private friendship. When we are justly blamed by one, who, in virtue of an official position, has a right to censure, it is unreasoning to make it a personal matter. Why not act as do barristers? They quarrel professionally in court and are good friends in private.

It is also foolish to say when reproved that other people are as bad. This can never justify us until two blacks make a white. When told that we ought not to do this or that, how can it be an excuse to say that So-and-so does it?

The right way to receive well-meant and just rebuke is in a cheerful, teachable, and friendly spirit. Lord Beaconsfield said that his wife was the "severest of critics, but the most perfect of wives," and very frequently those who criticise us most severely are our best friends. Philip of Macedon said that he was much beholden to the Athenians, since by the slanderous and opprobrious manner in which they spoke of

him, they were the means of making him a better man, both in word and deed. "For," he added, "I every day endeavour, as well by my sayings as by my doings, to prove them liars."

CHAPTER XX

POLITELY PUT

IT is really more friendly to tell people of their demerits than of their merits, but they will not take the pill of criticism unless it is sugared over with politeness.

A man who had called another a liar said that he did not mean it opprobiously, but merely stated it as a fact. Why speak with brutal directness when circuitous politeness is equally effective?

Exactly the same thing offends when said in one way that pleases when differently put. A wise man, being summoned to forecast the future to an Eastern king, said, "Sire, every relation that you have is to die before you." The prospect of such a number of deaths seemed so dismal that the self-willed ruler ordered the seer to be put to death. Another seer, called to the perilous task of prophecy, said, "Sire, you will live longer than all your relations." The king gave the seer a great reward.

It was said of Edward the Confessor what is also probably true of Edward VII., that his "No" was pleasanter than the "Yes" of other people.

Reprimands like the following cannot fail to call forth surprised gratitude and future reformation. In preparing statistics for the annual speech of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, an old clerk made a mistake which caused the Chancellor to be criticised. The great man sent for the clerk, and he came feeling like Agag. The Chancellor met him at the door of his private room and said, "I sent for you, Mr. So-and-So, because I wished to thank you for the great care and accuracy with which you have for many years prepared statistics for the budget speech. Good morning." Tears were seen to roll down the cheeks of the old man as he came out of the room.

When Lord Coleridge was travelling in America, an interviewer ended an enumeration of the big things of that continent by saying that the conflagration they had in Chicago made the fire of London look very small. To this Lord Coleridge blandly replied, "I have every reason to believe that the great fire of London was quite as great as the people at that time desired."

Nothing is more irritating than for a large person at some place of public entertainment to

stand up and intercept the view. A man did this when a certain celebrity was sitting behind him in the pit of a theatre. Instead of getting angry and rude, he simply said to the large person, "Sir, if you happen to see upon the stage anything that is particularly interesting, perhaps you would impart it to us, for we are entirely at your mercy." The large person bowed, smiled, and sat down. Much the same thing happened at a circus. Some ladies in the front row stood up, so a gentleman, who understood feminine nature, and also the art of putting things, called out, "Would the pretty young lady in the front row be kind enough to sit down!" Immediately several ladies who were not pretty, and no longer young, sat down.

A lady has been induced to remove her hat by an artist handing her a drawing of it with "My view of the stage" written underneath. It is less polite to suggest in an audible voice that the hat and the hair come off together.

It is always disagreeable to ask for money, even when it is due to us. This difficulty was got over in the following pleasant way by a barmaid. A gentleman who had been refreshing himself at her bar forgot to pay, so this is the way she reminded him of the omission: "If, sir," she said, "you happen to lose your purse, I hope that you will not think that it was lost here, for indeed we have not seen it to-day."

The Emperor of Germany appeared at six o'clock one morning most unexpectedly at the barracks of a cavalry regiment. The soldiers were ready for parade, but the commanding officer had not come. The Emperor waited half an hour, when the delinquent arrived. His feelings at the sight of his sovereign can better be imagined than described. But the Emperor did not say a word. He assisted at the manœuvres, made several observations, as usual, and finally left without addressing a word to the officer at fault, who considered himself lost. He went home in despair, expecting from moment to moment to receive the news of his disgrace. With the customary expeditious ways of the Emperor, he knew that he would not have long to wait. But the afternoon passed, then the evening, and still nothing occurred. Next day he received from the Emperor a parcel. No letter or message accompanied it. He hastily opened the mysterious parcel, and found it contained an alarm clock.

There was no fault-finding in those five words—"I have seen him sober," which a master wrote in a coachman's discharge, but only a politely-put caution to employers.

A wife made a pathetic but polite protest against the desertion of her husband in three words. She ended a letter to him with "Yours too truly."

Politeness is more powerful than positiveness, and the most crushing controversy is that which is courteous.

An unchivalrous person received the following well-put rebuke: At a dinner, at which no ladies were present, in responding to the toast of "women," he dwelt almost exclusively on the frailty of the sex, saying that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being their surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose and said, "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his *own* mother and sisters, not to *ours*."

Before a business meeting a Primate in the old days said to a swearing Premier: "It may save time, my lord, if we assume before we commence our discussion that everybody and everything is damned."

Walking in a street one day, a well-known clergyman overheard a poor, thoughtless man solemnly calling down curses on himself. He stopped, took half a crown out of his pocket, and said, "My friend, I will give you this if you will repeat that oath again." The man started, and said, "What, sir, do you think I will damn my soul for half a crown?" The clergyman replied, "As you did it just now for nothing, I could not suppose that you would

refuse to do it for a reward." The man was greatly struck, and made a resolve to try never to swear again.

Lord Erskine answered writers of begging letters thus: "Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant."

Beggars, especially in Spain, are so courteous that they deserve, if not money, certainly manners. Even a Kaffir boy could beg from his teacher in this polite way: "I have no trousers; the trousers are broken. I am not begging, only reporting."

Polite, and yet truthful, was Lord Beaconsfield's formula for acknowledging an author's presentation of a book to him—"Lord Beaconsfield presents his compliments to Mr. X., and will lose no time in perusing his interesting work."

A few nights ago a man was hurrying along a street, when another man rushed out of an alley and the two collided. One of them raised his hat and said, "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, and I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it," and he tore away at redoubled speed.

CHAPTER XXI

CENSORIOUS AND GRUMBLING

AN Irishman began a speech by remarking that he was bothered entirely by a preliminary want of information. This trifle does not bother that class of people who think that they have a mission to set everybody right. These people are not only their own doctors, their own lawyers, and their own divines, but the self-constituted physical, legal, and spiritual advisers of every one else. Like Cassio, they

> "Never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle know
> More than a spinster";

but this does not deter them from finding fault with generals who are campaigning thousands of miles away in circumstances the difficulty of which only those who are on the spot can appreciate.

> "A man must serve his time to every trade
> Save criticism—critics all are ready made."

A little knowledge is not only a dangerous but an uncharitable thing. Said an American, "Oh, Jones, I hate that fellow!" "Hate him?" asked his friend; "why, I did not think you knew him." "No, I don't," was the reply; "if I did, I guess I shouldn't hate him." When the collier suggested to his mate that half a brick should be heaved at the new parson, it was only because the reverend gentleman was new, and unknown to him; nothing personal!

Many persons whose only language is that of renunciation and denunciation would draw it milder if they knew the real facts of the case. "To understand all is to pardon all," says a wise French proverb. In the lives and actions of those who are apparently most guilty there are extenuating circumstances.

But it is want of imagination more than want of knowledge that causes uncharitable censures. "Judge not thy friend," said Rabbi Hillel, "until thou standest in his place." If the young could in imagination put themselves in the place of the old and the old in that of the young, if the enthusiastic could understand the difficulties of the cautious and the cautious the scorn of consequences which is felt by zealots, they would be less censorious.

The more we are able to put away self when finding fault the better will be the result. We

must not think, So-and-so has been done to me, and is therefore a great crime, because I am a person of vast importance. Consider the question more in the abstract and forget self. Ask yourself what would be the decision of a perfectly just and impartial judge after weighing all the circumstances of the case.

A candidate elder in a Scotch church was asked why he sought the office. "You could not visit the sick, teach in the Sunday School, or do any of these things." "No," was the reply, "but I could aye object." The man who can do nothing but object is a miserable specimen. *Nil admirari* is the devil's motto.

A man who had one well-formed and one crooked leg was wont to test the disposition of his friends by observing which leg they looked at first and most.

"The worthiest persons," says Bacon, "are frequently attacked by slanders, as we generally find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at." And yet, when a person is really worthy in the main, his worthiness ought surely to be allowed to hide his faults. The great Duke of Marlborough and the first Lord Bolingbroke were in opposite political interests, and were consequently on most occasions ranged against each other. Some gentlemen, after the Duke's decease, were canvassing his character

with much severity, and particularly charged him with being avaricious. At length they appealed for the truth of their statements to Lord Bolingbroke, who was one of the company. This nobleman answered, "The Duke of Marlborough was so great a man that I forget his failings."

If some who are engaged in religious and philanthropic work would employ their critical faculties, not against fellow-workers, but in examining themselves, with a view to improvement, how much better it would be. For the sake of such persons we quote the following: "As the eye seeth all things and cannot see itself, so we see other men's faults but not our own." We would find fault less if we reflected that all good qualities cannot exist in the same character, and that if there is much of any one virtue there must be deficiency of another. Every creature is after its kind.

"Life is too short to waste in critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand; 'twill soon be dark;
Up—mind thine own aim, and God speed the mark!"

The expression "home truths" has come to be almost synonymous with abuse, for members of a home say things to each other which they would not dare to say to outsiders. A little bracing criticism may do good, but we protest against the cynical spirit that prevails in some

families. In these every one has a nickname, and the slightest enthusiasm is snubbed. Censoriousness is not a mark of good taste, but just the reverse. A person of good taste is the first to discover excellency in persons and in things.

In his advice to a bridegroom starting on his honeymoon, Coventry Patmore says :

> "Beware
> Of finding fault; her will's unnerved
> By blame; from you 'twould be despair;
> But praise that is not quite deserved
> Will all her noble nature move
> To make your utmost wishes true."

If some men blame but never praise, even on a honeymoon, what will they do afterwards?

A wife said of her husband, who was always finding fault, " If he lived with the angel Gabriel, he would tell him that his wings were the wrong shape." It would not be pleasant to have even a bowing acquaintance with a man of this kind ; what must it be to live with him in the close intimacy of marriage?

Parental love is the bond of peace and of all virtues in the family. A home without love is no more a home than a body without a soul is a man. If, as Matthew Arnold tells us, a characteristic of the highest culture is " its inex-

haustible indulgence, its consideration of circumstances, its severe judgment of actions joined to its merciful judgment of persons," surely this ought to characterise the intercourse of brothers and sisters.

We all know that there are spots on the sun. Well, one evening at the time when a new one appeared, a gentleman called upon an astronomer. "What a fine day we have had!" said the visitor; "I have seldom seen the sun so bright." The astronomer looked puzzled, and said, "Though I have been looking at the sun all day, I never noticed whether it was bright or not. I was so interested in that new speck which has appeared that I didn't see anything else; and, really, until you spoke, my idea of the sun had been that it was *rather dark!*"

Too many brothers and sisters are like this astronomer. They see nothing in each other but specks, and are quite surprised when other young men fall in love with their sisters and other young ladies consider their brothers heroes.

"So you are going to be married," said a cynical young man to his friend. "Yes, very soon." "Of course, you think her an angel?" "Oh, no; I have four sisters!"

"If you would say a word of encouragement,

even once a week, it would be so much better for the boy's future." These words a mother spoke in my hearing to a father, who, having too high an ideal of what his son, aged twelve, should be and should know, was always nagging at him.

On the same trip you may meet two classes of travellers. One is complaining of the dust, the noise, the disagreeable people. Another cannot go half a dozen miles without meeting some agreeable companion or some interesting adventure. We once travelled with an old bachelor who was much disappointed with the Alps. Why? He saw them not! for he was thinking of, and boring us about, those pills he had forgotten in Paris!

When people have nothing else to find fault with they find fault with the weather. "What wretched weather we are having!" said a man to an old woman of his acquaintance whom he passed on the road. "Well, sir," she replied, "any weather is better than none." Fuller tells of a gentleman, travelling on a misty morning, who asked a shepherd what weather it would be. "It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather shall please me." Being asked to explain his meaning, he said, "Sir, it shall be what weather pleaseth God; and what weather pleaseth God pleaseth me." That Irishman was

not more unreasonable than many other grumblers who, when finding fault with the weather, remarked, as he warmed his hands at a fire, "What a pity it is that we can't have the cold weather in the summer!"

I have heard more grumbling about weather in the French Riviera than anywhere else. People, the day after arriving, ask you indignantly, "Is this your Riviera sunshine?" as if you were responsible for the working of the great luminary. "How horrid! we might as well have remained in England." "It's frightfully hot; it's beastly cold." "This mistral is perfectly sickening!" After cold and wet weather in the Riviera there came a lovely change, so I said to a chronic grumbler, "There is nothing to kick at now." She replied, "The sunshine coming so suddenly is enervating!"

Those who find fault most with the weather are farmers. These men are grumblers by profession. I heard of one who had a splendid field of wheat, and a neighbour made a bet—some people bet about everything—that the farmer would grumble in spite of the goodness of the crop; so the next time he met him he congratulated him upon it. "Yes," replied the farmer, "it's a goodish crop, but it took a lot out of the land!" Another farmer, as he contemplated the large stacks of well-saved corn in

his yard, admitted that the harvest had been a good one, but maintained his fault-finding reputation by adding that it was a bad year for mushrooms.

"Grumble and get on" is a favourite maxim with John Bull, and it is by adhering to it that he has made the position for himself that he occupies in the world. Certainly there is such a thing as "divine discontent," and we do well to grumble and find fault when it is with ourselves we do it, and when it enables us to get on to high thoughts and noble performances.

Of course, it is useless and excessive fault-finding that we condemn, the fault-finding of those who do not want to be satisfied and who cannot see a bright side even to the moon. Who does not know people to whom it is a real grievance not to have a grievance? Robert de Insula or Haliland, a man of humble birth, became Prince-Bishop of Durham. Having given his mother an establishment suitable to his own rank, he went to see her, and asked how she was getting on. "Never worse," she answered. "What troubles thee?" asked the Bishop. "Hast thou not men and women enough to attend thee?" "Yes," quoth the old woman, "and more than enough! I say to one, 'Go!' and he runs; to another, 'Come hither, fellow!' and the varlet falls down upon his

knees; and, in short, all things go on so wretchedly smoothly that my heart is bursting for something to spite me and pick a quarrel withal."

Why should we use "the devil's paternoster," as grumbling has been called, rather than *Te Deums?* Why should the master of a house piously say grace before dinner, and then a veritable devil's paternoster of grumbling as he partakes of each dish that succeeds it?

"Fret not thyself," is the sensible advice of the Psalmist. There are those who fret alone, whom no one can cheer, who brood continually over their wrongs, and who claim with great impertinence that they are unselfish because they do not complain in words; as if their selfishness were not more hopeless than that of the open complainer. The latter, at least, gets rid of his temper in words; the other nurses it. There are others who are always forecasting evil, who allow small cares and troubles to overwhelm them with fear and hopelessness, and who drag life after them like an over-weighted cart.

Self is the shadow that darkens our lives and prevents us from being bright companions. Occupied with the thought of our own unhappiness, we cannot think, as we ought, of the welfare of others, and so we become a cloud on their sunshine.

The great secret of cheerfulness is not to be absorbed in ourselves. A true heroine was Mrs. Wiggs of the "Cabbage Patch." She made it a practice to put all her worries down in the bottom of her heart, then to sit on the lid and smile.

CHAPTER XXII

THANKFULNESS

THE great influence which Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, exercised upon all sorts and conditions of men was largely caused by his manners. Once when a porter had closed the door of a railway-carriage upon him and his chaplain, the latter said "Thank you." "That's right," called out the Bishop. "I like to hear people say, 'Thank you.'" Yes, it is a small word, but it helps forward the business of life greatly; it is a pity that it is not as often used as it ought to be. That it is not has lately been forcibly brought to my notice. A young servant came to live in my house. The first day, after she had done something for her, her mistress naturally said, "Thank you." The poor girl was quite astonished, and afterwards remarked that though she had lived in several places, she had never been thanked for anything that she had done. She must have lived amongst brutes.

An Arab boy told me at Cairo that he had become a servant to a British officer who was

a gentleman, and who said "Thank you" to him. "My last master," he continued, "did not do this. He was a tourist, and did not know Egypt. If I handed him a polo stick, he would say 'Not that one, silly ass; give another!' When I handed another, again he would say, 'Not that, you fool!' Then I would give the stick he had at first refused, and he would say, 'Why could you not have given this one at first?' But he never said 'Thank you.'"

A friend of the writer gave his seat to a so-called lady in a tram-way car. Not a word of thanks did she utter. So the man, pretending that he had left a paper on the seat, got her to stand up. When she did so, down he flopped, remarking, "Now, young lady, you can have this seat again, but only on condition you say, 'If you please,' or 'Thank you,' or something civil."

Not far from the same place a gentleman was hastening at the railway-station to get a train. He stopped, however, seeing a lady unable to turn the stiff handle of a compartment, and opened the door for her. She entered without a word of acknowledgment, so the gentleman said, "I beg your pardon?" "Oh, I did not say anything," replied the lady. "Excuse me, but I thought you had said, 'Thank you,'" remarked the injured person.

If it be objected that there is nothing in such forms as "If you please" and "Thank you," we reply that the same might be said of an air-cushion: there is nothing in it, but it eases the joints greatly. The use of "Thank you" serves a good purpose if it reminds us of the fact that we are indebted one to another and require each other as much as do the upper and under rows of our teeth. We forget this when all works well and smoothly in the body politic; but let a coal strike come, and then master and man, and the tens of thousands who depend upon their goodwill, discover that we are all members one of another. Indeed, we are unpleasantly reminded of this every time the milkman, or baker, or postman, or newspaper boy fails to call in the morning.

Several winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building, when the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street urchin sprang to the rescue, and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you!" and passed on. "D'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion. "No; what?" "Why, that lady said 'Thank you!' to the likes o' me!" Amused at the remark, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to the boy: "It always pays to be polite, my boy, remember that." Years

passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping in London, this same lady received special courtesy from a clerk, who said: "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago." The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident and told her that that simple "Thank you!" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honoured and trusted clerk. Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.

A nurse told me lately of an agreeable experience which she had with a patient in her hospital. He was a negro sailor with white wool on his black face. Meeting with an accident on board a ship, he was carried to the Devon and Cornwall Hospital on landing at Plymouth, where he lay in pain many a weary day and sleepless night; still he was quite enthusiastic in his expressions of gratitude for the care bestowed upon him. With him it was always, "Oh, thank you, miss!" "How good you are to me!" "Very sorry to trouble you." "God bless you for your kindness to a poor black sailor!"

If we ought to thank our fellow-men for what they do for us, ought we not to be even more thankful to Him who puts deeds of kindness into men's thoughts? When the publisher had received the last bit of copy of Johnson's Dictionary he was so weary of the delays and procrastination of the author that he exclaimed, "Thank God, I have done with that fellow!" Hearing this, the Doctor remarked, "I am glad that the fellow thanks God for anything."

An absent-minded man having finished a good breakfast, left the breakfast-room, only to return a few minutes after, ring the bell, and ask the servants crossly why they were so long in bringing him his breakfast. They thought their master had gone mad, and assured him that he had just breakfasted. Still, it was only when they pointed to the shells of eggs consumed by him that he realised the truth of their assertion. When we have partaken of the daily bread and other blessings which our Heavenly Father gives to us, are not many of us equally oblivious?

The less people seem to have to be thankful for the more thankful they are. Dean Hole tells us in his Memoirs that he once noticed an old cripple hobbling to the village church with the help of two stout sticks, and crying out cheerily to an old fellow-cripple who was using only one: "Why, Sammy, you're a poor crittur!

Why don't you drive a pair, like a gentleman?" Some time afterwards the old man came to Dr. Hole and said: "Do you think, sir, you could bring in that prayer about giving thanks this morning? I'm eighty years old to-day, and I should like to thank God for all the mercies He has been pleased to send." And yet he had not nearly as many mercies as some have who are far less thankful. He had one room in a small cottage, his income was three shillings a week, he had no relations, and few friends; he was often ailing, and always infirm.

Contrast this man's conduct with that of another whom I know. He is healthy and wealthy, has a nice wife and children, and what should be a most happy home. Yet this man, with everything to comfort and amuse him, often speaks of his life as one long misery, and has frequently been heard to say deliberately that he has nothing for which to thank God.

"Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night."

Belonging to this second class was an old woman dying in a workhouse infirmary, who used

to sum up every event by saying that it was either chastening or cheering.

"I have fallen into the hands of thieves," says Jeremy Taylor; "what then? They have left me the sun and the moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience. . . . And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down on his little handful of thorns." Why should we number the thorns in our fingers and not the bones in them?

We should look, not only upon our own things, but upon the things of others. When a favourite horse of a friend of mine became lame, he consoled himself by thinking that it was not the horse of some one who depended upon him for his living. So, too, when his library was burnt, Fénelon thanked God that it was not the house of a poor man.

There was a poor woman with two children who had not a bed for them to lie upon, and scarcely any clothes to put over them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen, and the mother took the door of a cellar off the

hinges and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained how badly off they were, "Mother, what do those little children do who have no cellar-door to put up?"

The Jews had their psalms of thanksgiving, not only after eating the Passover, but on a variety of other occasions, at and after meals, and even between the several courses and dishes. Our Lord taught us to say grace by Himself giving thanks before distributing the miraculously increased bread and at the last supper. In the account of his shipwreck we read that St. Paul did the same, and he says in the Epistle to the Romans: "He that eateth, eateth to the Lord, for he giveth God thanks."

When visiting a children's hospital the Duchess of Sutherland was addressed as "Nurse." The little patient was told by the nurse not to say "nurse," but "Your Grace." She closed her eyes, clasped her hands, and said: "For what we are about to receive make us truly thankful!" Such mistakes will occur, but it is well to teach children to say grace. It is a custom that prevailed amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans and exists now in some form amongst all nations not entirely savage.

Dinner-time comes always, but dinner not always to some poor people. Others have always a dinner, but they are not always able to eat it. This is quaintly set forth in the following old grace :

"Some have meat but cannot eat,
Some can eat and have no meat,
But we can eat and we have meat,
So God be thanked by us."

But it is not only for the food of our bodies that we ought to be thankful, but for that of our minds and souls. Why should we not say grace after receiving mental food, as, for instance, when we have read a good book ; or, after spiritual sustenance, as when we have attended a hearty service, or conversed with an improving friend?

A great foreign botanist on first seeing a field of gorse knelt down and thanked God for the lovely sight. This is the spirit that should animate tourists when they visit the beautiful places of earth. Alas ! when we come to one of these places, it often happens that we scarcely see it at all. We may have had a quarrel on the way, or some little jealousy or mean regret gets between our eyes and the book of nature fair.

A poor woman when she came near the sea for the first time exclaimed, " It is grand to see something of which there is enough for every-

body." Many persons are just the opposite of this woman. They do not value such blessings as health, strength, simple food, decent clothes, the blue sky, the green fields, because they are so common; they think more of special portions that seem to be given to themselves exclusively. And yet the gifts of God which, like the sunshine and the rain, belong to each member of His large family are the best gifts.

"I said it in the hillside path,
I say it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet."

We should be like the birds. They lift their heads in thankfulness when they drink, though the water is so common.

It was to the tenth leper who returned to give thanks that our Lord said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." The nine were healed in body but not in soul, for they had no gratitude. How many people resemble those nine lepers! They take every blessing which they receive as a matter of course, and are always thinking how much better off they might be instead of how much worse off. For what they have received

they are thankless, for what they have not received they are indignant.

One of the main objects of public worship is that we should render thanks unto God for the blessings that we have received at His hands. It is mean to pray to Him for benefits and not to praise Him for what He has already given. "O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise."

Holy Communion is called the Eucharist—that is to say, the thanksgiving service of Christian people.

We should frequently urge our souls, as does the Psalmist, to bless the Lord and not to forget His benefits. A Christian should be a living Doxology, giving thanks always for all things to God. In all things are included things that at present seem neither good nor agreeable, but which we believe Our Father sends because they are most expedient for us.

"I am always content," says Epictetus, "with that which happens; for I think that what God chooses is better than what I choose. . . . Seek not that things which happen should happen as you wish; but wish the things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life."

CHAPTER XXIII

POLITE CONVERSATION

As telegrams and picture postcards have killed letter-writing, bridge and other games have put an end to conversation. *Salons* are no longer a power in France, and British and American parlours or rooms for talk are mis-named, for they are not now peopled with ideas.

Talkers of the past, of the "Sir, said Doctor Johnson" kind, were long-winded and so dogmatic that they checked general conversation, but they were not flippant like many people nowadays, who, not being sure that they are ladies and gentlemen, are always trying to laugh it off. There have been great men who had not enough small talk, but our littleness is shown by not having any large talk. Mirabeau said of Abbé Sieyès, one of the chief political writers during the period of the French Revolution: "His silence was a public calamity." There are not many now of whom that could be truthfully said.

It is a part of good manners to let talk as well as to talk. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is "con" (with), that it means talking *with* another, we should not interrupt our companion and vote him by our looks an interruption to our own better remarks. Some one said that Sydney Smith, when dying, remarked: "Ah! Macaulay will be sorry when I am gone that he never heard my voice. He will wish sometimes he had let me edge in a word."

Women are capable of everything, even of listening, and some of them owe their popularity to this accomplishment alone. Othello's heart, like the hearts of so many other men, was won by good listening, and there was an old French marquis, probably a chatterer himself, who used to say: "Marry a handsome woman if you will, a rich woman if you can, but in any case marry a woman who listens."

Monologue is only excusable in the case of those who have really useful or amusing experiences to impart. Ordinary egotists should remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other people than they and their concerns are to us.

Everybody finds himself most interesting, and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." It is a mistake, however, to talk

about yourself. By doing so you miss getting useful information on other topics from the person with whom you are talking: you bore him and you run the risk of telling things that afterwards may be used against you.

"Coleridge talked on for ever, and his hearers (all but Charles Lamb, who cut the button the talker was holding and escaped) wished him to talk on for ever." There are people who seem bent upon doing the same without consulting the wishes of their hearers. The mere exercise of their tongues gives them physical pleasure. They have acquired the dangerous, odious, and ridiculous habit of chattering or intemperate speaking. There must be an audience, but few are willing to be that audience.

When St. Francis de Sales visited Paris, many ladies came to him for advice. On one occasion he was surrounded by a crowd of them talking at once; so he said, "Mesdames, I will gladly answer all your questions, if you will answer one of mine. What is to happen in an assembly where every one talks and no one listens?" The saint evidently agreed with a Chinese proverb which says that women come together for much talk are like sheep without a leader.

At a drawing-room concert in London, those who should have been listeners very rudely became talkers. The leader of the musicians had

suffered annoyance from the same cause on former occasions; so he arranged beforehand that on this occasion, in the loudest part of the movement, at an understood signal, piano, violin, and violoncello should suddenly cease. They did so, to the consternation of the assembly, many of whom were engaged in animated conversation. Clear and loud was heard the silvery voice of a lady saying to her companion, "We always fry ours in lard!" No doubt this was valuable information, and it is well that anything so innocent should have been heard, but the speaker might have remembered that there is a time to keep silence.

We would talk less and say more, and be less frivolous in our conversation, if we made it a rule to think before speaking instead of afterwards. If two shorthand writers, placed behind a curtain, were to take down the conversation at a single afternoon tea, and publish it in the newspaper next morning, the talkers would see with shame an illustration of the truth of Pope's lines:

> "Words are like leaves; and where they most abound
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

There are people whose notions of politeness, when paying a visit, for instance, is to talk rapidly and uninterruptedly. They are too shy or too

nervous to stop when they have done. It is not possible, however, to go on very long talking for the sake of talking without doing some harm. Instead of confining ourselves to things and ideas about which conversation is generally more innocent, we shall go on to make remarks about people which will not always be kind or strictly truthful. It is almost impossible for talkative people to avoid gossip, which was described by a child who said, "It's when nobody don't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells it."

Persons who are talkative about the business or faults—virtues are never mentioned—of their neighbours should remember that a dog that will fetch will also carry, and that those who bring to us an evil tale about others will probably carry away one about ourselves. It is very easy to start false reports. Just because a woman while buying a broom wanted one with a heavy and strong handle, it was reported by all the neighbours that she was in the habit of beating her husband.

"Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth."

I heard a missionary from Burmah say that during the thirty-six years he had laboured in that country he never heard a Burmese say an unkind word of another. It would be well if

Christians were as charitable. Why should we not all be like a lady known to the writer? Early in life she made a resolution never to tell any one whatever she might hear to their disadvantage, but only the pleasant and agreeable things that were said of them.

Silence, according to Carlyle, includes all things that are not uttered, and is, therefore, much richer than speech. We ought to cultivate the art of saying much in a little, and abstain, as from a social vice, from the tedious loquacity which says much on a little.

Every one knows from painful experience what is meant by a bore. He is a pompous, ponderous person, who says things in ten words which might have been said in two, all the time convinced that he is making a favourable impression. "It is easy," says Sydney Smith, "to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does a man who lays waste a whole party of civilised beings by prosing reflect upon the joys he spoils, and the misery he creates in the course of his life, and that any one who listens to him through politeness would prefer tooth-ache or ear-ache to his conversation?"

Few are as tolerant of those who bore them as the poet Longfellow was. He excused his toleration of bores with the quaint apology, "Who would be kind to them if I were not?"

The fact is that the more there is in a man, the more he will find in others. His large nature will draw out whatever is best in those whom he meets, and the dullest of them will not bore him, but will impart to him something that he is glad to hear.

"I have rarely found," said Sir Walter Scott at the end of his life, "any one out of whom I could not extract amusement and edification." Without his genius the experience of Sir Walter would have been different.

> "Would you both please, and be instructed too,
> Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
> Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
> And ever be more knowing than you seem.
> The lowest genius will afford some light,
> Or give a hint that had escaped your sight."

It is the vanity of people who desire to get their own good things spoken that makes them so impatient of the talk of others. On the principle "Set a thief to catch a thief" no one discovers a bore so soon as a bore. From this point of view a bore may be defined as "a man who will talk about himself when you want to talk about yourself."

Wise is that man (no woman ever did it) who, having nothing to say, refrains from giving wordy evidence of the fact. He appears profound so long as he keeps silent.

If you can say something better than silence, by all means say it ; if not be silent. There is a science of silence, and a clever man makes his conversation far more delightful when he interposes "occasional flashes of silence," as Sydney Smith said Macaulay did on his return from India.

"The occasions of silence," says Bishop Butler, "are obvious—namely, when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid ; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind ; or better, lastly, with regard to himself." It was "a matter of much patience" for the Bishop "to hear some men talk."

"Why, Doctor," exclaimed a shallow, talkative lady, who was in the room with Dr. Johnson, but of whom he took little notice, "I believe you prefer the company of men to that of ladies." "Madam," he replied, "I am very fond of the company of ladies ; I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, and I like their *silence*."

Certainly silence may be as great a fault as talkativeness, and as Franklin said, we shall be judged for every idle silence, as well as for every idle word. If "a wise man by his words maketh himself beloved," a man may on certain occasions, by obstinate sulky silence, make him-

self hated. There is selfish, ill-tempered silence as well as thoughtless, ill-natured talk. Whilst we remember the words of Solomon, "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refraineth his lips is wise," let us not forget the words that follow, . . . "The tongue of the just is as choice silver: . . . the lips of the righteous feed many." We ought to contribute a share to the instruction and amusement of society.

Especially should women do this. After listening and cooking the most important of a woman's accomplishments is the ability to maintain an intelligent, vivacious conversation with family, friends, and guests.

A hostess should acquaint herself with topics of individual interest to her guests, and bring their sympathies in touch by a deft word when introducing them.

A youthful compositor, in setting some "copy," came to the sentence, "—— didn't say a word for an hour," the first word having been cut off in clipping from the paper where it first appeared. He took it to the foreman to supply the word. "What shall I put in there?" he asked, when the foreman read it. "Put in 'he,' of course; you don't suppose 'she' would fit in such a sentence as that, do you?" was the answer. In all ages women's talk has been

made a subject for ridicule. They are said to talk too much; to have venomous, spiteful tongues; to be addicted to nagging; to disdain argument, and even sense, in their talk. For myself, I believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes.

Women's talk is apt to be inaccurate, and inaccuracy causes half the evils of life. Many women have just enough knowledge to be irritating. They do not know what they know and they do not know what they do not know. At a rehearsal a large chorus began to sing "Rule, Britannia." Soon the conductor cried out, "Stop, stop! You all know this, but you all know it wrong!" Many talkers, men as well as women, know what they say, but they know it wrongly.

The aim of every talker should be never to be long and never to be wrong, and the only way to approximate to this perfection of sociableness is to cultivate both our heads and hearts.

In old Chinese books on manners we are told that conversation should be carried on in a low, soft voice; that there should be no boisterous laughter; that boasting and grumbling are rude; that a lady visitor should think long before opening her lips; that she should not discuss mother-in-law or household affairs; and

many other things, showing in what high estimation polite conversation was held. A Chinaman never argues with a woman. This diffidence arises from no chivalrous feeling, but from the conviction that he will be worsted in the end.

The less argumentative conversation is the better, but when we have to argue, let us use soft words and hard arguments. There is light without heat in nature and there should be the same in controversy. So disputatious was Hallam, the historian, that he was called the "bore contradictor." A bore contradictor deprives conversation of pleasure, profit, and politeness. Women ought not to lower themselves to logic, it is their privilege to impress and to influence.

The temptation to sin against good-nature and good taste in conversation for the sake of raising a laugh and gaining admiration, is a strong one in the case of those who have been gifted with wit and humour. But it is the abuse of wit and humour rather than their use that leads astray.

A good talker is as unlike one who merely shocks and annoys as a first-class fencer is unlike a bungling assassin.

It is also rude to become personified notes of interrogation, and ask people impertinent questions about their business in this world and even in that which is to come. This species of bore puts you in a witness-box and cross-examines

you in reference to your most private thoughts and plans, while as to his own he is as secret and uncommunicative as a discreet minister of state.

CHAPTER XXIV

TACT

WE feel what tact is, but it is difficult to define it. The word is derived from the Latin for "to touch." Tact is the "touch faculty of body and soul." It enables its possessor to get into touch with people and to gain an influence over them. Tact, or *savoir faire*, is a tenth muse, more inspiring than any of the nine. As the insidious gentle sunshine makes a man take off his great-coat sooner than the blustering east wind, so tact is more efficacious than other forces which seem to be stronger. Tact is more than sensitiveness, but it does not exist in a thick-skinned person. It is born with a man, and can be only a little cultivated.

Tact is closely connected with sympathy; it is thought for others, the power of putting oneself in another's place. When a lady asked a celebrated musician how she could acquire a nice touch on the piano and play with expression, he replied, "Cultivate your heart."

Why are women, as a rule, better mannered than men? Because their greater sympathy and power of quicker intuition give to them finer tact. Tact enables them to put people at their ease and to bring out the best that is in them. A woman can also hurt and insult a man so nicely that he almost feels obliged to her.

A girl who had been buying silk stockings enlarged upon her purchase to another who could only afford cashmere, and declared unless her hose were the best in quality she would never have the courage to lift her skirt. This was a want of tact.

Morally, tact is neither good nor bad in itself, but depends upon the end for which it is used. A young man may be tactful in drawing away a companion from evil or in "putting up" a swindle.

There are certain people who may be called the smoothers-down of society. They soothe all whom they meet and make things less depressing. Every function in which they take part goes off well. Opposite to smoothers-down are those who rub every one up the wrong way, who give gifts in a manner that insults, who when they teach and advise repel rather than persuade. They may be righteous and religious, but they make themselves disagreeable in little things. Friends reminded Baxter on his death-

bed that he was going to a world where the wicked cease from troubling. "Ay!" responded the dying man, with a flash of humour, "and where the good cease from troubling also."

The smoothers-down have tact, the roughers-up have not. Even to light a match there is need of tact; you must rub it lightly, as the match-box tells you to do. We all know a king who rubs lightly and an Emperor who does not. The tact of the former tends to preserve the peace of Europe, the tactlessness of the latter to disturb it.

A regiment was changing stations, and the colonel said to a soldier, "Where is my baggage?" "Please, sir," was the reply, "she has gone on with the major." Want of tact like this in reference to the wife of a commanding officer would be inconceivable, did we not know that people in a hurry as the soldier was do not realise the force of their words and blurt out things that were better left unsaid.

Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, saw a boy at a confirmation whom he thought he had confirmed before. The Bishop leaned over where the candidates for confirmation were kneeling and said to the boy, "Surely I confirmed you before?" "You're a liar, sur," replied the youth. He did not mean to be rude; it was

only his tactless way of stating a difference of opinion.

Children and fools speak the truth because they have not learned to hide their thoughts by the tactful use of language. The harmlessness of a dove reveals what serpentine wisdom conceals. It is tactless to tell what is uppermost in one's mind, but simple people do this. When, for instance, a Scotch clergyman of repute told the sexton of a church that he was going to preach there on Sunday the reply he got was, "I am glad of it, for anybody would be better than our own minister."

And an equally tactless remark was made when the same clergyman mentioned to an old woman that he had been appointed to the parish of St. Andrew's: "That is strange; I thought that Saint Andrew's was always given to some well-respected body."

I was talking lately to an old woman who was in the habit of not mincing matters enough. Speaking of her daughter, who had taken to drink, she said, "Ah, sir, 'tain't no use. I've done my best for her, but she's a bad lot. She came in to see me only the other day, an' I sez to her, 'Mary,' sez I, 'you're growing fat. 'Tain't 'ealthy fat, to my mind. You'd best prepare for death and break off from your sins.' But she went off just sharp like," she continued with an

air of surely unnecessary surprise, "and I haven't seen nothink of her from that day to this."

A labourer, who was commissioned to break the news of a comrade's death to the desolate widow, placed the body in a cart, covered it with a sack, and walked beside it to her door. As he walked, the difficulty became more and more formidable to his mind. He was a man of few words, and those few he had never had occasion before to employ in such a mission as this. His arrival found him still unprepared, when a happy, or rather unhappy, thought flashed into his brain. "Does Widow Brown live here?" he inquired, as the old woman answered his summons. "There's no Widow Brown hereabouts," she answered; "I'm Mrs. Brown." "Look into the bottom of this 'ere cart," was the reply, "and see if you ain't Widow Brown!" There was no cruelty here, but an absence of tact—the instinctive knowledge of what to say and do, and what to avoid.

The difference between a man of quick tact and of no tact at all may be illustrated by an interview which took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Behnes the sculptor. At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him Behnes opened the conversation with, "Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?" The Foreign Secretary

raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied, "Really, Mr. Behnes, I don't know; I have not seen the newspapers!"

A man without tact has often done much harm by divulging professional secrets. The announcement of the second Lord Lytton's appointment as Viceroy of India, at a time when the Government was keeping the matter a secret, was one of the greatest feats of Delane. The story goes that the famous editor of the *Times* was sitting at dinner next to an equally famous physician, who happened to mention that Lord Lytton had consulted him that morning as to the fitness of his constitution to withstand the Indian climate. Delane wisely asked no questions, but drew his inference from what he heard, and the next morning the *Times* announced the appointment of Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India.

"Them's stupid, but they means all right," was a poor woman's verdict on "district visiting ladies" of the tactless kind. The poor only *tolerate* this sort of person for what she gives or because they suppose she is part of the trouble they were born to endure. We know her method of procedure. She makes a list of the people she has to see. Probably they all live in the same street. She takes the first house, knocks with authoritative emphasis, and, when the door is opened, marches in and raps out questions.

"Has Mr. Smith got work? No? Why not? Has he been drunk again lately? Why don't you keep him straight, Mrs. Smith? Oh, yes, you could; all wives can if they try. Rather late in getting your kitchen cleaned up, Mrs. Smith, aren't you? And just look at the baby's face! Now I must be off next door. Mind you come to the working party next week. And here's a coal-ticket. Goodbye."

When people are, or think they are, converted to religion, they begin to inquire about the spiritual condition of their neighbours and to describe their own. So stupidly, however, is this sometimes done that more harm than good comes from it. It requires considerable common-sense and tact to carry off gracefully an unexpected accession of virtue.

Tactful people think of the effect their words and actions may have. They are careful not to drop orange-peeling and broken glass where people may slip and cut themselves upon them. A man who was unemployed from choice was asked how he passed his time. He answered, "I sit and think," and then added, "Sometimes I just sit." Those who do not think but only sit are generally deficient in tact.

The people who do no good either to themselves or to others are not, as a rule, wanting in brains. What they do want is sense and tact.

Cleverness is suspected and disliked. An old country gentleman, hearing a Member of the House of Commons hemming and hawing and trying in vain to speak, remarked, "That's the sort of man I like; no confounded cleverness about him." Even excessive cleverness, however, is often condoned in consideration of tact.

CHAPTER XXV

A SYMPATHETIC MANNER

THERE is more sympathy in the world than is generally supposed. Many who seem to be self-absorbed and unfeeling are not so really. They are deficient in imagination rather than in heart. They cannot put themselves in another's place and rejoice or weep with him. They are awkward in manner too, perhaps, and cannot easily express themselves; but the stammering utterance of their feelings may be more soothing to a sufferer than the glib platitudes of those who profess more.

The very depth of sympathy that is in some people makes them appear unsympathetic. Keenly realising the pitiful truth that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger meddleth not therewith," they shrink from meddling with sorrow. They prefer to be thought unfeeling rather than to awaken such a reflection as—

"And common was the commonplace
And vacant chaff well meant for grain."

If you wish to do people good, you must get into their skins ; they will then feel your sympathy.

A celebrated musician praised the playing—simple, plaintive, feeling—of one whom few masters would have selected as a great pianist. On being questioned as to the reason of his eulogy, he replied, "I know not, but somehow he has tears in his fingers."

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry had also tears in her fingers. She was in the habit of seeing and talking with female prisoners sentenced to penal servitude just before their departure to Australia. Fearing a "lecture," one of the women tried to shirk an interview with the prison reformer. Mrs. Fry, however, found her out, and acted as the woman described in the following words : "Looking at me in a very solemn sort of way, she laid her hands upon my shoulders, and her very fingers seemed to have a feeling of kindness towards me. But it was no lecture she gave me ; all she said was, 'Let not thine eyes covet.' No other words passed her lips ; but then her words were low and awful—kind as a mother, yet like a judge. Well, when I got to the colony, I went on right enough for a time ; but one day I was looking into a workbox belonging to my mistress, and a gold thimble tempted me. It

was on my finger and in my pocket in an instant ; but, just as I was going to shut down the box-lid, as sure as I am telling you, I felt Mrs. Fry's thumbs on my shoulders—the gentle, pleading touch of her fingers—and I gave one look about me, threw back the thimble, and trembled with terror."

An invalid will sometimes remark, "I always feel better when you come," and he is better, for "the tongue of the wise is health." It is said that Rubens, by a single stroke of his brush, could convert a crying into a laughing child. In life pleasure and pain are given quite as easily. For this reason bright clothes and nothing shabby should be worn when visiting sick people.

A lady who knew the poet Browning well said that, though he only met you in a crowd and made some commonplace remark, you went for the rest of the day with your head up. What an amount of good can a person do who is gifted with a manner like this! It is probably born with its possessor, but we can keep in check the unsympathetic, unsocial tendencies that hinder it. Of course, we do not recommend aggressive cheerfulness, for people greatly resent that when they are feeling cross and tired.

Conventional consolations, conventional verses out of the Bible, and conventional prayers are an intolerable aggravation of suffering. Neither

is it well to talk much of "resignation" or "cheerful surrender." God sends both as He wills, and in His own time.

Any touch hurts people suffering from some afflictions, and the truly sympathetic realise this and keep silent. The writer knows two friends who have both had lately a great bereavement, and since their sorrows they walk past each other in the street like strangers because they have not the courage to speak. Yet they understand each other, and are truly grateful for the mute sympathy which is felt though not expressed.

The so-called sympathy of some people is anything but comforting. They enlarge to the sufferer on the details of his affliction, and either exaggerate or make too little of it. They prove conclusively that it was all his own fault, and say that they knew from the first what the result would be. To such Job's comforters Job's question is very suitable, "How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?"

It must be admitted, however, that all the blame does not rest with the would-be sympathiser. Some folk are so snappish that it is impossible to put sympathy through the cages in which they shut themselves up without having your fingers bitten off. I once asked a sick soldier if he would like me to pray or read

for him, and he replied, "Well, I suppose I have a soul like other people." As if any one had doubted it!

Often the best sympathy comes from children, servants, and others, who are sorry for our trouble without in the least understanding it. "Are you very sad, sir?" said a housemaid to an old gentleman whom she met on the stairs. She did not know what troubled him, but these simple words did him good. The touch of a friend's hand and a sympathetic look may help the widow, though she feels that the extent of her loss is only known to Him who, though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered.

As a rule we must suffer before we can sympathise. A man put his leg upon the seat of a railway-carriage and was sharply rebuked by an official. As soon as the guard had gone, my fellow-passenger who had taken this liberty with the cushions quietly remarked, "He has not broken his leg in two places, I am sure, or he would not be so sharp with me."

A once celebrated minister of the Gospel has related the following: "I had just a few weeks before buried a beloved daughter, the light of the household, and the darling of all in it, and had gone to attend a meeting of Synod, where an honoured minister, who had been through the

same trial more than once before, came up to me, took me by the hand, and said, with reference to my sorrow, '*By these things men live.*' That was all; but each successive year since then has verified his words."

Yes, it is having been through the same trial that gives us the power to sympathise. The story goes that Henry VIII., wandering one night in the streets of London in disguise, was met by some of the watch, and not giving a good account of himself, was shut up in the Poultry Compter for the night without fire or light. On his liberation he made a grant of thirty chaldrons of coal and a quantity of bread for the night prisoners in the Compter. Those only who have felt sharp afflictions, racking doubts, and violent temptations can console those in a similar condition.

"Thank you very much, that was such a help to me," said a sick woman, as she dropped exhausted from her pillow after her bed had been made for her. The sister to whom these words were addressed knew that the worn body was racked with pain, and had become so tender and sensitive, that the sick woman could not bear to be lifted or supported in any way. "I did nothing to help you, dear," she remarked. "I wished to be of use, but I only stood behind, without touching you at all. I was so afraid of

hurting you." "That was just it," said the invalid, with a bright smile. "I knew you were there, and that if I slipped I could not fall, and the thought gave me confidence. It was of no consequence that you did not touch me, and that I could neither see, hear, nor feel you. I knew I was safe because you were ready to receive me into your arms, if needful." The sufferer paused a moment, and then with a still brighter light on her face added, "It is the same with my Heavenly Friend. I can neither see, hear, nor touch Him with any bodily sense; but just as I knew you were behind, with loving arms extended, so I know that beneath me are the Everlasting Arms."

Sympathy is far more valued than is commonly supposed. An eminent clergyman was busily engaged preparing a sermon, when his little boy toddled into the room, and, holding up his pinched finger, said, "Look, pa, how I hurt it!" The father, interrupted in the middle of a sentence, glanced hastily at him, and with a slight tone of impatience, said, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow's eyes grew bigger, and as he turned to go out he said in a low voice, "Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!'"

The following is an instance of a man saying "Oh!" with good effect. The chaplain of an

American prison once said, when preaching to his incarcerated flock, that but for the grace of God he would be in the same condition as they were. Afterwards one of the prisoners sent for him and asked, "Did you mean what you said about sympathising with us, and that only the help of God made you differ from us?" Being answered in the affirmative, the prisoner said, "I am here for life; but I can stay here more contentedly now that I know I have a brother out in the world." The prisoner behaved so well that he was pardoned. He died in the civil war, thanking God to the last for the preacher's words of sympathy.

Nothing does people more good than hearty commendation when they deserve it, yet blame is given with much greater regularity than praise. To a son who had won a prize at school a father said in a grumpy way, "Well, take care you keep it up." "What's the use of trying! that's all one gets," thought the boy to himself, and did no more good at school.

We can improve ourselves by what is called suggestion. A man discovered that he hated every one, and feeling that this misanthropy made him miserable and useless, tried to cure it in this way. He lived in a busy street, and he used to stand at a window for a certain time every day watching the people go by and saying

to himself in reference to each, "I love you, I love you." After a time he became less critical, and learned that there is something to love in every specimen of humanity. Smiling on a neighbour is charity, and it brings charity into the heart of the person who smiles.

Although we should try to avoid what is vulgarly called "gush," we cannot but see that cold and undemonstrative people miss much happiness in life, and refrain from using many opportunities of helping others.

Nor should alabaster boxes be sealed up until our friends are dead. The fragrant perfumes of sympathy and love should be given to them beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened soul. Speak approving, cheering words while ears can hear them, and before it is too late for the hearts of your friends to be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind words you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go.

"In life, not death,
Hearts need fond words to help them on their way—
Need tender thoughts and gentle sympathy,
Caresses, pleasant looks, to cheer each passing day;
Then hoard them not until they useless be."

CHAPTER XXVI

"SO PLEASANT"

IN a New Zealand cemetery on a gravestone is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words: "She was so pleasant!" What a delightful character she must have been to have an epitaph like that! "She was so pleasant," that friends used to come first to her in times of sorrow and sickness. One touch of her hand soothed the feverish child; a few words from her lips did much to raise the load of grief that was bowing a sister woman to the dust. Her husband would come home worn out with the pressure of business, and irritable with the world in general; but when he entered the cosy sitting-room and met the smiling face of this so pleasant woman, he would become in a moment a changed man. The little schoolboy fled from tormenting companions to find solace in his mother's smile. All these, and many others mourn for her now that she is gone, because "she was so pleasant."

I had a letter recently from a man in a high and responsible position. After enumerating some of the trials and difficulties in his work, he added, "But I do my best and look pleasant, a habit I may at least hope to acquire." This habit of looking pleasant is most valuable. We are so constituted that outward looks and inward feelings act and re-act upon each other. Smile and look pleasant, and cheerful, good-humoured thoughts will come into your mind as surely as bright thoughts blossom into a smile. And what an encouragement it is to others to look at them pleasantly!

The *bonhomie* of Monckton Miles (Lord Houghton) made every one better tempered directly he entered a room. He had the magnetic power of winning confidence.

Lowell once remarked, "I think that no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people as Dean Stanley." Dean Hook made himself so pleasant to working men that they were willing to do anything he suggested for their moral improvement. On one occasion he was trying to persuade a man of intemperate habits to take the pledge. At last the man said, "I will take it if you will." "Done!" was the quick reply. "But how shall I know if you keep it?" "You ask my missus, and I will ask yours."

Of a very able politician who died lately it was commonly said that he was a comparative failure because his manner was not ingratiating.

The writer heard a lady say that from childhood she had always tried to please, and had formed a habit of asking herself every night before going to sleep, "Have I during the day said anything unkind or disagreeable?" We were not surprised to hear this, for our friend is very agreeable, and when a woman is agreeable we may be sure that she began to learn the art of pleasing in girlhood. Try, then, we would say to girls, always to be natural, to forget self, to be gracious towards every one. If asked to play, or sing, or read aloud, or more trying still, to join a dull drawing-room game, oblige if you possibly can.

A lady who was taking her granddaughter on a pleasure trip said, "Oh, do look at those beautiful hills!" "Hush, hush, grannie!" answered the girl. "If that old lady heard you, it would make her sorrier that she is blind and cannot see the hills."

When a woman does not please she fails to do an important part of the work for which she was created. If her dress be untidy; if there be not scrupulous regard to personal cleanliness; if her manner be brusque and her temper sulky; if she cannot read aloud distinctly; if her voice

be loud, and she can talk of nothing but spiteful gossip, or the delinquencies of servants; if she be incapable of listening to grandfather's often-told story, or sympathising with the serious pursuits of father, brother, or husband—of such a woman it can scarcely be said that she is "blest with that charm, the certainty to please." "Please the eyes and the ears, and you will win the heart," but the woman we have been speaking about does neither.

Charm of manner is an indefinite gift which lies we know not where, and is we know not what. We may be sure, however, that it consists largely in having a heart at freedom from itself to soothe and sympathise. The French monk St. Honorat had this kind of heart, and it was said of him that when he wrote to absent members of his fraternity, on tablets covered according to the usages of the time, with wax, "he restored its honey to the wax from the sweetness of his own heart."

A lady was asked, in my hearing, why Mrs. —— is such a favourite with every one. "Oh," replied the lady, "I suppose it is because she makes us all feel so nice." What she meant was that Mrs. —— has formed the habit of trying to draw out from every one whom she meets whatever is good and bright in them. Enabled in this way to do their best, her friends

feel "very nice"—that is to say, satisfied with themselves.

Most women desire to please, but many of them set about making themselves attractive in a wrong way. Neither cosmetics nor dress nor even natural beauty do this as much as an unselfish temper. "Woman's fineness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is sweetness of manner." Music and other accomplishments are learned as a means of pleasing, but it may be doubted whether anything makes a woman so agreeable as a well-cultivated mind. Without being priggish or pedantic, she should take an interest in the questions of the day, read the best books, and in every way fit herself for giving intellectual pleasure. Indeed, there cannot be a high order of even physical beauty where indications of mental and moral efficiency are wanting. Talleyrand once said of a lovely woman, that "beauty was her least charm." A good-humoured face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigour to make up our ideal of a beautiful human face and figure.

Very often the woman who gives least pleasure is the famous professional beauty, who, because she has made a reputation, thinks that it is unnecessary to exert herself to please. As if

conquests had not to be kept as well as made. Far more pleasure is given by a plain woman who thinks less of herself and more of others, and who has cultivated that sympathy without which it is impossible to please.

Woman's desire to give pleasure is now suggesting to them all kinds of ingenious plans for bringing brightness into the homes of the dim millions. Feeling that it is their mission to add in some degree to the happiness of the world, and to diminish its misery, conscientious women are trying to use the talent of pleasing which God has given, not selfishly, to please those who can repay, but to please those who have nothing, in some cases not even gratitude, to give in return.

What a woman should try to form is the habit of pleasing every one without interested motives—the servants in her house as well as visitors, the poor as well as the rich. We know a mistress who seldom or never changes her servants, and who gets them to do whatever she wants most cheerfully. Why? Because, as she says, she always tries to interest them in their work, and gives her orders in as pleasant a way as possible.

Of course it is possible to buy the character of being "so pleasant" too dearly. When we say that it is a most important part of woman's

work to please, we do not mean that she should be indifferent as to the means, or use any but the highest. We are well aware that to be weakly good-natured is to be good-for-nothing. A woman will fall into serious error or sin if she allow herself, for the sake of pleasing, to yield indiscriminately to requests without duly considering if it be just to herself and to others to grant them. The truly kind person can say "no" on occasions, and can say it firmly. When a girl is called "jolly," and liked by fast men, it is the worst compliment they can pay her. The more haste the less speed, for fastness which wins low popularity will never win a husband worth having.

When a person in authority thinks more of being pleasant than of doing his duty his subordinates become uncomfortable and negligent, the bad putting their work on the good.

An English lady, disgusted with the expectorating proclivities of passengers in a Dublin tram-way car, asked, "Is spitting permitted?" "Ah, shure, yes, miss, spit away and I'll not say anything about it," replied the conductor. This was not so pleasant for the other passengers and for the owners of the car.

Much more pleasant to the greatest number was the policeman who, when a lady going to a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, wanted

him to allow her carriage to go before its turn because she was the wife of a cabinet minister, said, "I must obey my orders, even if you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister."

A crowd at a New York railway-station became very angry with a gatekeeper because he refused to open the gates a little before the usual time. A man said to him, "I guess just now you are making yourself one of the most unpopular men in this city." The man replied, "I don't aim at being popular except with the inspector." We should remember that God is our Inspector, for His eyes are always upon us, and that it is Him and not our neighbours that we are bound to please. We must beware of lessening our influence for good by being disagreeable in unimportant, trifling matters. It is well to please men when we can at the same time please God, but where there is conflict we are to remember that we are not our own, and that our first duty is to please Him whose we are and whom we ought to serve.

In a cemetery a white stone marks the grave of a loved little girl, and on the stone are chiselled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" This epitaph is even more laudatory than the one about which we have been thinking. Indeed, it includes the first, for that is

the highest kind of pleasantness which brings out what is best in our friends. It may not be appreciated at the time, but it is looked back on afterwards with gratitude. We may mention, in conclusion, a third epitaph. It is on a tomb-stone in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise: "She loved and she was loved." Let us try to deserve this.

CHAPTER XXVII

MANNERISMS

How seldom one sees an all-round man, what the ancient Greeks called a harmonious one—that is, a man developed equally in all parts of his nature! Most of us are more or less warped, deformed, and out of proportion. Generally this is caused by our surroundings and manner of life. It has been said of me, for instance, by an American interviewer, that I acquired a habit of slow walking by attending frequent funerals.

I have seen this advertisement: "Wanted, a curate with a catholic mind." Catholic we know means universal, so what was asked for was a myriad-minded man. And his remuneration was only to be £130 a year. He could not be got for the price.

The majority of men by the time they reach middle life wear the scars of their business and profession. Probably this is what is meant by the saying that it takes nine tailors to make a

man, or the term "third sex" that is given to clergymen. A really cultured man ought to pass in a crowd and not be outstanding. He should have no badges or labels to distinguish him. He should be without mannerisms of any kind—simply a man all there.

Opinions differ about clerical dress. Some think that as a clergyman is always on duty he ought not ever to get into *mufti*. Others hold that a livery is offensively celestial, and tends to separate parsons into a caste, thus spoiling their influence. But an ordinary clergyman, however much he may wish to hide his office, cannot do so merely by laying aside his hat and collar. It does not need a Sherlock Holmes to detect him. Any one in a hotel hall when tourists rush for rooms from an incoming train can pick out the English parson by the intonation of his voice as he asks for a room. He monotones this litany or supplication. He may also be known by his unctuous, dearly-beloved way of shaking hands. Indeed, one who has theological differences at the tips of his fingers can tell by the mode of his salutation to what school of thought or thoughtlessness a clergyman belongs. The ideal parson is an evangelical High Churchman with liberal leanings, but few are this, and the particular brand of narrowness to which a clergyman belongs is marked by his mannerisms. Evan-

gelicals, for instance, use the word "do" where it is not required. In extempore prayer, instead of saying, "We believe," "We thank Thee," they say, "We do believe," "We do thank Thee." The High Churchman proclaims himself by posturing at "mass," and his broad brother by his omniscient agnosticism and *lower* criticism.

It is a clerical mannerism to speak of being called here and there by God. When a clergyman accepts a new post he does not say that he accepts it because it is worth fifty pounds a year more than the one he has, or because there is a better house, or because he or his wife having fought with their neighbours, wish to get away. No, the Almighty is in difficulties and wants his help. When will "religious" people discover that it is no use lying to God, or for God, or to themselves? Even on his knees in prayer a man who had been offered thousands a year and the title of "Lord," or "Your Grace" (imagine St. John allowing himself to be called "Your Grace!") will say that he only goes up higher because he feels that the Lord hath need of him.

The mannerism of putting "D.V." on church notices also comes from want of humour and of real reverence. As if anything could take place against the will of the Almighty!

If a preacher is "bumptious" on the one hand or abject on the other, a congregation gets

its back up, and this will break the back of the best sermon ever composed. Rowland Hill said to a youth who had gone into a pulpit with great self-confidence, and broken down in the middle of his sermon, "Young man, had you ascended the pulpit in the spirit in which you descended, you would have descended in the spirit in which you ascended."

A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the goodwill of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it by his manner.

The actor's reply is well known when asked why his words, which were not true, affected an audience more than the preacher's words, which are true. "Because I say what is false as if it were true, while you say what is true as if it were false." We speak with emotion when informed that our chimney is on fire; but we are quite calm, if not indifferent, when preaching about temperance, righteousness and judgment to come. A preacher of Elizabeth's reign exclaimed, "Woe is me! at the playhouse it is not possible to get a seat, whilst at the church voyde seats are plenty." If "voyde seats are plenty" in the church now, as then, we clergymen must take much of the blame. In the prayer-stall we are not as earnest as the actor is on the stage, at the lectern not as

audible, at the Communion table not as impressive, in the pulpit not as natural. An actor knows that if he fail to give pleasure, people will not come to the theatre, so he cultivates his voice and manner. We know that people will come to church from a sense of duty, and we allow duty to reward itself, if we do not make it martyrdom. Whitfield, Wesley, Spurgeon, Magee, and all great preachers had dramatic powers, and cultivated them for the glory of God.

Imagine a man charged with a serious crime, or having an action brought against him for a large sum of money—imagine him stating his case to the solicitor or barrister for his defence. Would he take from his pocket a manuscript, composed of involved sentences and antiquated phrases, and then, having cleared his throat, monotone the composition or speak it in an unnatural, strained voice? The advice which Berridge gave his curate was, "Lift up your voice and frighten the jackdaws out of the steeple." There is, God forgive us! as little to frighten jackdaws as there is to drive away the unclean birds of sinful indulgence in the unnatural inactivity or pump-handle action of too many of us pulpit mumblers. We do not awaken the soul, and so we put the body asleep.

Preachers might copy, with advantage, the clear and earnest style of speaking that is used by sellers of patent medicines at street corners on market-days. I saw a man selling "pills of immortality" in a street in Philadelphia, and he told his dupes that the pills would prevent them ever dying, in a way very different from that in which we talk of our genuine "pills of immortality," of the balm that is in Gilead, of the Good Physician, who really does heal immortal souls.

It is a ridiculous and an irritating mannerism when a man who preaches to the same congregation repeats in every sermon some particular phrase or statement. The rector of the church to which we were marched when I was at school used to say in every sermon, "And now to make an application of the subject." That he had been doing this for over thirty years I had proof, because I found in the church a prayer-book with a former schoolboy's name in it, the date, and underneath the words, "Old J—— is now applying the subject."

I know a bishop whose preaching is spoiled by a mannerism of saying "this, that, and the other thing" at least once, sometimes much oftener, in each sermon. A bishop should be the husband of one wife, and Mrs. Bishop should laugh such mannerisms away.

Want of humour produces remarks such as a preacher made when he asked confidentially at the end of his discourse, "Is there a mother, or a wife, or a mistress here?" It is recorded of an old minister that he prayed that God would bless Queen Victoria, and that as now she had become an old woman, He would be pleased to make her a new man."

A miserable-sinner-looking clergyman sought advice of an experienced preacher, and was told, amongst other things, "If you are preaching of hell your ordinary expression of countenance will do, but if you preach of heaven I should try and look a little more cheerful."

When I applied for a chaplaincy in the army, the Chaplain-General sent for me, and the first thing he said was, "I wished to see you, because you might have had something in your appearance or manner that would have made the soldiers laugh at you." As I was appointed after this scrutiny I ought to have been flattered. Bishops should be particular about the outward and visible signs of those they ordain as well as about their inward and spiritual grace.

In Great Britain there are few, if any, female parsons, but there are thousands of clergywomen, meaning by that women who belong to clergymen, as their wives and daughters. These have great influence for good, perhaps more than they

would have if they were really ordained. They do numberless acts of kindness for the sick and aged. They teach the young, and hold up a standard of manners to the uneducated. They help to take care of churches and their appointments. They find out deserving poor people and assist them, and do many other things which obviates the employment of additional curates.

Mannerism in these clergywomen may detract from their usefulness as much as they do in clergymen. While dressing plainly, a clergyman's wife should not be dowdy. If she is, people may call her a "worthy" person, but they will think her uninteresting, and will not welcome her visits. Clergywomen should not be, so to speak, professional in either dress, manner, or talk. To be this repels those whom they most desire to win. Rather let the wife of a clergyman be known to be the most useful friend, the best adviser, the freest from unkind gossip and petty jealousy amongst the women of her husband's parish.

Good looks are a source of influence which clergywomen cannot give to themselves, but they can cultivate the pleasing expression of good temper and the winning manner of a self-denying heart. The wife of a clergyman must never suggest to her husband's parishioners the child's question, "Mother, what part of heaven

do people go to who are good but not agreeable? "

Some physicians in order to look wise affect such a grave air that they suggest the undertaker. And, indeed, the way they are at times misunderstood is enough to make them serious. A man got into a bath before taking his medicine, having been told to take it in water, and a non-smoker tried hard to smoke a cigar because his doctor, thinking that he exceeded in this way said, " Remember, one cigar only after dinner."

A servant in a great house in a remote district in Ireland got suddenly ill, and a local physician was called in. " He's very poorly, right enough," said the man of science, " I'll come again in the morning. It's too late to make up a prescription now, but I'd like him to get medicine at once. You'll just give him anything you have in the house."

A medical man like this, who thinks that any medicine is better than none, or one who orders bread pills and coloured waters labelled with learned names, may seem to be a humbug, but he is not. He is a philosopher who knows that he ministers to a mind as well as to a body, and that if he do not give some harmless thing the patient will go to a quack or will quack himself.

Abernethy affected great brevity and plain-

ness of speech. A lady came to him with a wounded finger. "Sting or bite?" asked Abernethy. "Bite," replied the patient. "Cat or dog?" was next asked. "Cat," was answered. We know how Abernethy advised a glutton to keep a great dish beside him at meals, and whenever he eat anything to put a corresponding portion into the dish, and to look in the evening at the contents.

A farmer went to the great doctor complaining of discomfort in the head, weight, and pain. The doctor said, "What quantity of ale do you take?" "Oh, I taakes ma yaale pretty well." Abernethy (with great patience and gentleness), "Now then, to begin the day, breakfast. What time?" "Oh, at haafe-past seven." "Ale then? How much?" "I taakes my quart." "Luncheon?" "At eleven o'clock I gets another snack." "Ale then?" "Oh, yees, my pint and a haafe." "Dinner?" Haafe-past one." "Any ale then?" "Yees, yees, another quart then." "Tea?" "My tea's at haafe-past five." "Ale then?" "Noa, noa." "Supper?" "Noine o'clock." "Ale then?" "Yees, yees. I taakes my fill then. I goes to sleep arterwards." Like a lion aroused Abernethy was up, opened the street door, shoved the farmer out and shouted, "Go home, sir, and let me never see your face again: go

home, and drink your ale and be damned." The farmer rushed out aghast, Abernethy pursuing him down the street with shouts of "Go home, sir, and be damned."

It does not do, however, for those who have not the genius of Abernethy to copy his mannerisms. Specialists affect mannerisms for an advertisement. One who was rough observed to a patient, "This is my way." Then, replied the sick man, pointing to the door, "I beg you will make that your way."

A woman was rude to two nursing sisters in a public conveyance. After a little while one quietly asked the other, "Have your scarlet fever patients begun to peel yet, mine have?" The rude one got out without wasting time. The mannerism of talking like this was only resorted to because it was a case for ejectment.

Why should the combination of a professing Christian and a practising lawyer seem incongruous? Many have added gospel to law, and have become much greater men for doing so. After all, it is narrow-minded to altogether decide for the devil.

Writing of Graham, the polite judge, Baron Brampton tells us that he sentenced prisoners to death as if he were giving to them prizes for good conduct. He once said apologetically to a prisoner: "John Robins, I find I have

accidentally omitted your name in my list of prisoners doomed to execution. It was quite accidental, I assure you, and I ask your pardon for my mistake. I am very sorry, and can only add that you will be hanged with the rest."

I have heard of a barrister who was tied up, as it were, by a mannerism. He had got into the habit of playing with a string when addressing a jury, and once when a learned friend on the other side stole this he lost the thread of his discourse.

In this day, when every fool writes, and when the wise are giving up reading and taking to thinking—in these hard literary times it is surely a distinction not to write. The typical literary man, and especially the literary woman, however, is not of this opinion. They give themselves airs because they think that they are of more importance than other people. At a literary party in London I heard people going about asking each other, "What have you done?" meaning, "What have you written?" One lady when asked the question said, "Thank God, I have done nothing." Lockhart said, "I like Browning; he isn't at all like a damned literary man." When it is said that a man has not the mannerisms of his profession it is high praise.

There have been certainly some literary people

whose mannerism was of an opposite kind. Sir Walter Scott posed as being only a country gentleman and a man of affairs. Byron, like Scott, hated to be called a man of letters. When Voltaire visited Congreve, the latter explained that he wished to be regarded, not as a writer, but as a gentleman. "You may be sure," said Voltaire, "that if you had been only a gentleman I would not have taken the trouble to visit you."

Bishop Montgomery asked an able soldier in India if he had read a certain poem. "All poetry is rot," was the reply. Many military men think that everything is rot outside the military and possibly the sporting world. It is sometimes stated in the newspapers that officers are not keen about their profession, and as a proof it is asserted that "shop" is not spoken at mess. Such is not my experience. I have heard the question discussed through half a mess dinner whether "H Company" or "G Company" would go first to musketry practice. So marked are their mannerisms that officers are uniform even when they are in *mufti*.

The mannerisms of mariners is breezy, not to say blustering. It is pleasantly bracing for a time, but is apt to make land-lubbers seasick.

A colonel whom I knew had a mannerism which is not uncommon. It was using con-

tinually a single phrase. This officer never uttered a truism or made the feeblest assertion without trying to qualify it and soften it down, and he began this process by repeating the words, "I mean to say." Once before all his staff, I heard the General Officer who commanded say to him, "Colonel W——, you have said seven times 'I mean to say,' and I declare to God I don't know what you mean to say."

Mannerisms diminish usefulness. The influence of Archbishop Whately might have been greater if he had not put from time to time a piece of sticking-plaster on his leg to conceal a hole in his archiepiscopal stocking. The sermon Dean Stanley preached with a pair of gloves on his head which had fallen out of his college cap would have been more conducive to seriousness if the gloves had been elsewhere. "I do wish," said a lady, "that the Reverend —— would not stroke his nose whenever he wishes to be impressive, it makes me laugh." If a well-known politician could get rid of superciliousness in his voice and manner, his party would follow him more cheerfully.

To thine own self be true. Do not be governed by conventionalities and man-made rules not founded on principle. Do not contribute yourself to that "mush of concession" that characterises modern society. Custom is

a tyrant, and you should dare to differ from it very often, but you will do this with better grace if you conform to it whenever you can do so conscientiously and conveniently. It is as foppish to defy fashion as to follow it.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SNOBS

THERE is in London a very skilful dentist who has had the pleasure (to him, if not to the royalties) of extracting royal teeth. He was invited to a garden-party at Marlborough House, where he met about fifty of his patients. They cut him. Soon after he found himself face to face with the Prince and Princess of Wales, and they gave him a cordial reception. Immediately every one of the fifty patients pressed up to the dentist and shook hands.

A Boston millionaire, who had begun life as a street boy, gave a "house-warming" on entering his new mansion. He did not invite his own brother, a poor man; so a mutual friend said to the millionaire in the course of the evening, "I don't see your brother here. I hope he is not ill." "No," answered the snob, "but, you know, we must draw the line somewhere!"

An anecdote of Christine Nilsson, the Swedish singer, told in America, is a fine contrast.

Christine was once at the house of a retired Chicago millionaire. A distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining-room she dropped her host's arm, and hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, seized him effusively by the hand, and engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting, and the entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day-labourer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned upon my old playmate."

If a snob make money in an honest business he is ashamed of it, and would rather have inherited wealth from robber ancestors. He pretends to be what he is not. "Sir," said a man to a rude snob, "my family began where yours ended."

It is snobbish to be "rough to common men, but honeying at the whisper of a lord." In a hotel known to the writer the lift-boy always bows reverently when he speaks to a nobleman or when he hears a nobleman's name mentioned.

There are cowardly creatures whose attitude in the presence of superiors has been described as one of "respectful uneasiness." This sort of people stretch their manners to such an unnatural

degree in society that they are pretty sure to go to the opposite extreme when relaxing at home. The greatest snob is polite when he knows that it is safer or more to his interest to be so. "The idea of calling this the Wild West!" exclaimed a lady, travelling in Montana, to one of the old hands. "Why, I never saw such politeness anywhere. The men here all treat each other like gentlemen in a drawing-room!" "Yes, marm, it's safer," laconically replied the native, with a glance at his six-shooter.

Perhaps the most idiotic exhibition of snobbery ever made was by a professor lecturing before the *Grand Monarque*, who announced that "two gases will have the honour of combining before his Majesty." But, indeed, this seems to have been the sort of food upon which royal vanity was fed in those days. Even a preacher of the gospel, after making the statement that we shall all die, turned to the same *Grand Monarque* and said as he made a bow, "At least, nearly all—*presque tous*." What a contrast was a clergyman preaching before James II. of England! He was alluding to politics, so the King called out, "Either you speak sense or come down from that pulpit." To which the preacher replied, "I'll neither speak sense nor come down from this pulpit."

My readers must have heard of the parish

clerk who was so much shocked at hearing the curate in the Churching Service describe the titled wife of the great man of the parish as "this woman." He knew his manners better, and promptly replied, "Who putteth her lady-ship's trust in Thee."

Almost as snobbish was a London clergyman who used to talk of his congregation as "important," meaning that it contained many people of rank and wealth.

Snobs never entertain angels unawares. They only care for those from whom they can get something. They measure most things by money. Mr. and Mrs. Half-a-Crown will not know Mr. and Mrs. Eighteenpence.

When a snob goes to a new place he asks who are the best people there. This does not mean the best-conducted people or the most highly educated or those with the brightest intellects, but the people who have influential connections or who "do well" those whom they entertain.

A snob does not care how dull or uninteresting people are so long as they have "handles" to their names. These people he will invite or scheme to be invited by them. For those he does not think it worth while to cultivate he has a curious, fishlike stare, which, if they have the sense of humour he lacks, amuses rather than pains them.

In a company where there had been much complacent talk of titled personages, Edward Fitzgerald remarked sadly as he rose to go, "I once knew a lord too ; but he is dead."

A snob's conversation is made up of "Oh, she married Lord So-and-So's cousin, George This or That," and "Ah, yes, he was the Duke of Omnium's brother-in-law by his first marriage." He thinks less of the greatest genius (unless he or she happens to be the "rage") than of the dullest duke.

A snob is always trying to push himself into the society of people who do not want him. With this object in view he becomes a bridge player, a scandalmonger, a toady, or a judge of china, pictures, horses, cookery, or of something in which people are interested.

Snobs continually complain that people do not give them respect. The reason is because they themselves only respect those who are rich and powerful. If (like the boy with the echo) we speak civilly to others they (like the echo) will speak civilly to us.

Some people think themselves so well-born, so clever, or so rich as to be above caring what others say and think of them. It is said that ancient kings of Egypt used to commence speeches to their subjects with the formula, "By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine!" We

need not wonder that those who hold this swine theory of their neighbours should be careless of setting their tastes and feelings at defiance.

A cad is a person I won't know, and a snob is one who won't know me. From this definition of a snob it may be inferred that our wounded self-love often sees snobbishness where it does not really exist.

A man came out of a house and, pointing to a motor-car some yards away, said to a passing street urchin, "Boy, call my motor!" Imitating the snob's voice and gesture the street arab said to a companion, "Boy, call my bally airship!" Snobs value themselves and others for their motor-cars, their expensive clothes, and other signs of wealth.

Dressed as a poor man a prince went to a feast. He was pushed here and there and could not get to the table. Going home he put on a cloth-of-gold cloak and jewelled slippers and returned to the feast. The guests made room, and the host, rushing up, cried, "Welcome, my lord! What will your lordship please to eat?" The prince stretched out his foot, so that his slipper sparkled and glittered, took his golden robe in his hand, and said with bitter irony, "Welcome, my lord coat! welcome, most excellent robe! What will your lordship please to eat? For," said he, turning to his surprised

host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome was solely to it."

Dogs are great snobs; they bark and snarl at worthy people in unfashionable clothes, but they allow ruffians to pass if they look smart and are self-assured.

Xenophon tells us how Socrates ridiculed this worship of wealth. One day when a crowd was staring at some splendid horses of Nicias, the philosopher, with his Silenus-like head, twinkling eyes, short stature, and shabby clothes, sidled up to one of the grooms and asked whether the horse he was riding was possessed of much wealth. "Is he rich? Because, you see, I am very poor and despised; but is that horse rich?" "Rich!" cried the groom. "How can a horse possess wealth?" "I am very glad to hear it," replied Socrates, "for if a horse without money may be a good one, I also may be a good man."

Wealth in the hands of a snob is "like a harp in the hoofs of an ass." Good taste hinders a healthy man from talking of his appetite, his sound sleep, his exuberant spirits in the presence of one dying of consumption. The rich snob does not exercise this tact. If he did the Socialist and the poor man would let his motor pass.

When travelling in Scotland a man in a railway-carriage conversed with a very plainly

dressed individual. The talk was about some scientific matter, and when the two men got out at the same station one said to the other, "I live near here, and will be glad if you will dine with me and finish the conversation." The invited one refused, saying grandly, "I never dine out without a dress suit, and I have not one with me." As he dearly loved a lord the snob was sorry that he refused when afterwards he discovered that his would-be host was the late Duke of Argyll.

A Frenchman writes that British snobbery imitates every one from the bottom to the top of the ladder. When the King turns up his sleeves or the bottom of his trousers his subjects do the same. People regretted the death of Queen Victoria, but they liked to wear mourning with a Court. Suburban dames flock to charity bazaars for the pleasure of rubbing shoulders with titled people. On the door of a room at a London hotel our French critic noticed a card on which was written this social advertisement, "Visiting at Castle H." Why not for a change put a true announcement into the society papers? Why not say that "Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Ambitious Bounders regret having been prevented from attending their Majesties garden-party owing to not having been invited?"

Some whose clothes are better than their

Christianity are continually using the expressions "common people" and "lower orders." God likes common people; that is why He has made so many of them. Certainly the Saviour of Men, who was Himself called "the Carpenter," never once spoke of any of His brothers and sisters as "common" people. And who are "the lower orders"? The lower orders, properly speaking, are the bad and the foolish, and the higher orders the good and the wise.

A young snob said, "I was insulted at the ball last night. I was actually taken for one of the waiters; but, of course, an apology was made afterwards." "And did the waiter accept it?" asked his friend.

Really well-mannered people are those who obey the command, "Honour all men," and they find it possible to do this because they do not honour the man as he is, but the man as he would have been in more favourable circumstances. He who respects himself has reverence for all men—that is to say, he honours the Christ, the ideal man, the image of God that remains in some degree in every one.

A celebrated preacher was once tauntingly told that most of those who went to hear him were servants and low people. He replied, "My congregation consists of such converts as Jesus Christ and His Apostles gained; and as for

servants, I would rather be the means of converting them than their employers, because they have the care of children."

The least snobbish of men are the officers of the British Royal Navy, because any tendency that way is literally kicked out of them when they are "midshipmites," and there are very many Army officers, now that they take their profession seriously, who are not snobs. One of these commanded a certain Hussar regiment, and used to say to the young officers when they joined: "You know, Mr.——, that every regiment has its 'side,' its 'swagger,' its 'good form.' Now, that of the —— Hussars is to have none; so as long as you are with us, you must treat the humblest in the land with as much civility as the highest."

The best preventive against snobbery is a public school. A new boy was in a school infirmary, and the nurse said to him, "Now, A——, it's time for your bath." A—— turned to her and said, "A——, indeed! Do you know I'm an Honourable?" The other boys, amongst whom were two peers' sons, so ridiculed him for this that he had to be moved to another ward.

CHAPTER XXIX

OLD BUT NOT ODIOUS

WHEN one is healthy and fully employed it is difficult to realise that youth and even middle age have passed and that we are growing old. We get quite a shock when first we overhear some one speaking of us as " the old gentleman " or " the old lady "—" Does this mean me or has there been a mistake? "

At the end of a beautiful summer when the evenings begin to close in and there are signs of approaching winter, we feel sorry, but when winter does actually come we find that it is not without its good things, and we accept it cheerfully. If in the same way we accept old age and do not fight against it, we shall discover that it has blessings, its own peculiar blessings, and that it need not by any means be a winter of discontent.

Old age is often called an incurable disease, but as a matter of fact it is not a disease at all, but a natural development. Christ, when on

earth, cured many a spot, especially of leprosy, but never smoothed any wrinkle, never made any old person young again.

The saying is trite, that a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks, but neither of these remarks have much more meaning than the census-return a lady gave to the effect that she was "as old as other people." It is said that forty is the youth of old age and the old age of youth, and Aristotle held that a man is not at his best until forty-five. He must have meant intellectually. The Chinese say that a man cannot die prematurely after fifty; but in some cases he does. Sir Andrew Clark was accustomed to define old age as "the period when a man ceases to adjust himself to his environment." The view of another great physician is that old age commences whenever the vascular apparatus begins to fail, so that "a man is only as old as his arteries."

In a recent trial a barrister asked a witness if he considered a person old at seventy. The reply was: "It depends upon the person"; and the judge observed, "A very wise answer." Then there is the question "Does a woman grow old younger than a man?" We reply, like the witness, it depends upon the woman and upon the man. Ancestry, constitution, occupation, climate, almost everything affects age. The lamp

of life is not to be measured by the age of the vessel, but by the supply of light.

There are men, like the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, in whom youth—the youthful outlook—is perennial. A friend asked Lord Palmerston when he considered a man to be in the prime of life. His lordship immediately replied, "Seventy-nine. But," he added, with a playful smile, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!" "He frolics with the burden of fourscore."

Leigh Hunt quotes the following, which he calls "a delicious memorandum," from Mrs. Inchbald's Diary: "'I dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs. Whitfield. At dark, she and I and her son William walked out and rapped at the doors in New Street, and ran away." The narrator of this feat of a woman who was then middle-aged and a popular authoress, adds, "But such people never grow old."

Some of us know middle-aged men who think it a hardship not to be allowed to play marbles, and even leap-frog. If they dared, they would still take part in boyish "larks."

Swedenborg imagines that in heaven the angels advance continually to the prime of youth, so that those who have been there longest are the youngest. Some of us have friends who seem to fulfil this idea. They preserve the fresh-

ness, guilelessness, hopefulness, and elasticity of youth. They have put away the weakness, imperfection, and immaturity of childhood ; they retain its open mind and heart—" In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child."

Herbert Spencer says ; " Be a boy as long as you can." Many young men are more *blasé* than their fathers ; and there are girls who are more worldly wise and world-worn than their mothers. After talking with the venerable missionary Dr. Marsh a young man said : " What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest among us? "

When an old lady who had devoted her life to others was congratulated, at the age of eighty-seven, on her remarkable vigour, she said : " They never so often told me I was young as since I have grown old." This reminds us of the lady of ninety who said to Fontenelle, then eighty-five : " Death appears to have forgotten us." " Hush ! " whispered the witty old man hastily, putting his finger on his lips.

Fontenelle, who was celebrated both in letters and science, lived to a hundred, and felt death so little that he said : " I do not suffer, my friends, I only feel a certain difficulty of living." His practice was to eat moderately ; to pass no day without some work, but never to

tire himself with work; to be always cheerful, for "without cheerfulness what is philosophy worth?"

A celebrated physician asked a man, remarkable for the mild attack he had of old age, what regimen he followed. His answer was: "I take only one meal a day." "Keep your secret," replied the physician; "if it were known and followed, our profession would be ruined." When a certain Frenchwoman, eighty years old, was running over the catalogue of her ailments, her physician at last said to her: "What would you have, madam? I cannot make you young again!" Ordinary practitioners cannot do this; but there are four famous doctors who, if they cannot make us young, can keep us for a long time from becoming old. Their names are Dr. Work, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. Many people do not believe in these physicians because they are cheap, unaffected, and truthful; but if they were more generally obeyed, old age would stay away longer, and when it came, would be less odious.

The writer knows a lady who is "so well preserved" that she looks almost as young and is as much admired as her handsome daughter, who is engaged to be married. "How does she do it?" is the question of friends, who wonder

and envy as they see her from time to time looking "younger than ever." To some extent she does not do it at all. It is done for her by the splendid constitution which she has inherited from a long-lived race. Then she had the advantage of being brought up simply and in the country. The roses of her youth were not blighted by late hours, heated ballrooms, and indigestible suppers. She has had few sorrows of her own; but she never denies sympathy and help to the sorrows of others. This last fact is perhaps the chief reason why she wears so well, for nothing tends to keep the heart, and therefore the outward appearance, young as the nurture of kindly feelings and the practice of doing good.

Old age cannot be called odious when it is taken as Miss Mitford, the authoress of "Our Village" took it. She retained her good temper, her enjoyment of the simple, commonplace pleasures of life, and her literary tastes with such a liveliness of spirit and such a tenderness of heart that it seemed as if time could not touch her, and that, notwithstanding her seventy years, she could not grow old. She took as keen an interest as ever in the new poet, the new painter, the new flower.

"The Lord hath kept me alive," said Caleb, a young man of eighty-five years (Joshua xiv.

10, 11). The secret of his prolonged youth was that he had "followed wholly the Lord his God."

A good old age has been cynically defined as "an age at which a man is good for nothing," but it is our own fault if we are good for nothing in old age.

When Boswell expressed to Dr. Johnson a wish to experience old age, the Doctor was much irritated, and thundered out: "What, would you have decrepitude?" It depends very much upon the way we spend the beginning and middle of our lives whether old age is or is not in our case accompanied by decrepitude. But Johnson sometimes had a good word to say for old age. He once remarked to Boswell that a man grows better humoured as he grows older. "He improves by experience. When young, he thinks himself of great consequence, and everything of importance. As he advances in life, he learns to think himself of no consequence, and little things of little importance; and so he becomes more patient, and better pleased."

Sometimes old age, when it is free from great infirmities, trials, and temptations, is the most tranquil, and perhaps on the whole the happiest period of life. The passions and ambitions of other days have passed, time has allayed animosities, and subdued asperities of character.

St. Martin's summer lights with a pale but beautiful gleam the brief November day. It is pleasant to feel in oneself, and notice in others, the sourness of immature and unripe youth disappearing with the advance of years. Just before he died the American poet Walt Whitman said: "As I grow older I am more and more ready to take the good there is in men and authors, without concerning myself about the bad." It is only poor wine that grows sour with age.

When people asked Leontinus, the Master of Isocrates, who reached the age of one hundred and seven, why he tarried so long in this life, he replied: "Because I have nothing whereof I can accuse my old age." They who can say this are those who have built up old age from its foundations in youth by well-doing. White hairs, which have been called "the flowers of the cemetery," may not of themselves always inspire respect, but they cannot fail to do so when they point to a long life that has been well spent.

In Cicero's famous discourse on old age, the dialogue opens with the request which a young man makes to Cato to tell him how it is that he finds old age so pleasant, while to other men it is a burden. He first answers, generally, that it is true that to many old men age is a wretched

condition, and one which is deservedly contemptible as well as wretched. And he gives instances both from history and from his own observation of living men. But he says that this is not the fault or defect of nature, but of the men themselves. And if old age is pleasant to himself, and if he is at all worthy (as he desires to be) of the name of wise, which his friends are wont to give him, it is because he has always obeyed the laws of Nature and submitted to her guidance as to that of a god. It is not likely that she, who has brought us well through all the stages of life, should, like an indolent poet, fail in the last act. All things must have an end ; and for man to be dissatisfied when the fruit is ripe is, like the giants, to war with the gods.

The poet Rogers, who was often complimented on being a fine old man, used acidly to reply, "There is no such thing, sir, as a fine old man." Well, but to say the least, there are some old people far less disagreeable than are others.

When old age really has come to us we should face the inevitable and take it calmly. We should, however, try to keep young in thought and sympathy, for there is a way of too freely submitting to grow old which is not good. There are those who bore their neighbours with

their old age by always talking of it, and by making it an excuse for disagreeable habits and the neglect of duty.

This is a very different thing from trying to play the *rôle* of youth after decay has taken hold of us and decrepitude set in. It is a sad sight to see an old lady, wrinkled and withered, dressing, talking, and acting like a young one. Old boys disguise this foible a little better, but they are equally ridiculous. Old age is not a disgrace, and instead of trying to conceal it with wigs and other make-believes we should think that "a hoary head is a crown of glory," not of course merely as such, but "if it be found in the way of righteousness."

Old age used to be treated as a joke, and allusions to the first grey hair were at one time considered amusing. We think now that old age is altogether a serious matter and perhaps try to ignore it.

The ignoring attempt, however, is not dignified. Falstaff is near seventy, but he sports with the prince and his young companions, regardless how they mock him. He speaks of "us youth"; he will not own to old age. His dear prince becomes king, and Falstaff borrows a thousand pounds from Justice Shallow, and with Shallow and Pistol posts to London to become the greatest man in England. The young

king passes by in procession, and at their shouts he turns and says, somewhat priggishly:

> 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.'

One ought not to have to be dragged from the amusements and pursuits of youth protesting all the way; one should walk off smiling.

There is no fool greater than an old one, but when a man has learned from the experience of life he can do much to save the young from making mistakes similar to what he has made. And if the young fall, he can say, "Just so fell I to rise again." How much the old owe to the young, who do not club them to death or eat them even if they are at times in their way! Indeed, they are indebted to the young for much more than permission to go on living. The young make their lives worth being continued. The more the old see of the young and the more they sympathise with them and try to help them the more fresh and green is their old age.

Happy are those who have grandchildren to play with. This gives employment other than money-making, and that is what those need who would wear out rather than rust out.

The quarrelsome grandmothers and mothers-in-law, as well as the tyrannical old men who

demand everything and do nothing, would be more valuable to themselves and to others, and longer so, if they would find something to work at.

Travelling in order to see something of the world they will soon leave is good for the old, because it gives them materials for thought, but it must be easy and intelligent travelling and not rushing about. There are many places which a person after sixty can do without seeing.

And besides something to do the old want something to love and something for which to hope. It is true that after sixty years of age we seldom or never make a new friend, but we can keep old loves and old friendships in repair.

> "Let those love now who never loved before,
> Let those who always loved now love the more."

Those who are young in heart though old in years take more pleasure than they used to in the so-called lower animals and in the sights of Nature which they used to be too busy to appreciate or even to notice. They make companions of trees and flowers; they love a garden, even a suburban one.

> "And forth into the fields I went,
> And Nature's living motion lent
> The pulse of hope to discontent."

When asked what age he was, a man answered, "The right side of eighty." "I thought you were more than eighty," said the inquirer. "Yes; I am beyond it," he replied, "and this is the right side, for I am nearer rest." Looked at hopefully, a grey hair is a streak of the dawn of eternal day.

People growing old should try to keep in step with the times, and in touch with the rising generation.

An old person is odious who eats untidily, makes disagreeable noises, dotes and anecdotes, proses about the past, abuses the present.

Sometimes the old fogey acquires the habit of detraction, and then the young say "Spiteful old cat!" and leave him or her severely alone.

Pessimism and querulousness should also be fought against. The old have had their good things, and instead of expecting much now they should be ready to jump for joy if nothing ails them. Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun.

Ageing people have to dress better than the young if they are to be half as attractive, and, on the same principle, they ought to put on graces of character to compensate for the injuries of time.

CHAPTER XXX

THE ART OF LEAVING OFF

THOSE who have learned the art of leaving off know when to retire from positions the duties of which they can no longer properly perform. If they are ignorant of this themselves, others are not. "Ah, the dear Bishop," people say, "is not what he was; he has failed greatly of late; his work must suffer. He has many graces, but resignation is not one of them; he clings, it is to be feared, to the loaves and fishes."

Barristers say of a judge: "He is as deaf as a post, and cannot hear the answers of witnesses; he has become quite 'dotty.' Why does he not take his pension and give us a lift?" "Look at the old boy!" officers exclaim on seeing their general; "he has become so beefy that he can scarcely get on his horse. It is well that the age limit will soon return him to store." Woe to the headmaster of a school if he

remain in office after the boys have decided that he is ridiculously old! An aged medical man is said to be behind the times, and his remedies are pronounced to be absurd. Business clerks say: "The governor has made quite enough money. Why does he not retire and enjoy it?"

Would he enjoy it? Those who work hard for many years lose the power of enjoying themselves. There are men who have struggled and struggled till they have been able to retire, only to find that they have lost the art of being happy. There are many for whom life is just one thing, although they may not realise it. When these retire there is no place for them. They are plants uprooted and dying because they have lost their soil. They are keen players looking at a game from which they have retired.

When people retire on a pension, or on money saved from professional or business work, at sixty years of age, they in many cases die a year or two afterwards. Nutrition is complementary to action, and activity contributes to health, and the brain-worker is peculiarly liable to fall ill if the exercise to which he has become accustomed ceases.

When Napoleon was at St. Helena he was informed that one of his officers had died. He inquired what he had died of. "Of having nothing to do," was the reply. "Quite enough,"

sighed Napoleon, "even had he been an Emperor."

To continue too long in business is to injure others; to leave off too soon is to injure ourselves. Let us try and strike the happy medium.

Speaking of Ephraim, the prophet Hosea says: "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not." Many people resemble Ephraim in this respect. They will not recognise the fact that they are getting on in life, and not so young as they were. We remember how Matthew Arnold killed himself at sixty years of age by taking a jump when his spirits were more youthful than his heart.

And if we should leave off exercises for which strength has become insufficient, we should also leave off anger and other emotions that break our hearts. An eminent retired Indian civil servant, during a discussion with a cabman before his house, recently fell down and expired.

When Dr. Johnson was asked why he did not answer his critics, he said: "There is nothing the rascals would like better; but it takes two to play at battledore and shuttlecock, and I shan't help them." When people see that good manners are in danger on either side of a controversy, they should let the battledore and shuttlecock drop.

Nagging is the irritating habit of people who do not leave off when they have administered

a rebuke. Advice, too, is far more effective when it comes from those who know when to leave off advising.

That famous hostess Lady Holland thought that the art of leaving off was a fine art in reference to conversation, and when even such good talkers as Macaulay and Sydney Smith harped too long on one string, she would knock on the table and say, "We have had enough of that; let us have something else."

St. Ignatius said that bishops should be respected in proportion to their silence. Tested in this way, some of them are little to be respected, for they never leave off talking to the gallery, if not playing to it. Of speeches, especially of after-dinner ones, it may be said enough is not only as good as a feast, but far better. The last words of a speech should be the most effective, but they are often the weakest, because they are too long drawn out. "Woe be to him," said Voltaire, "who says all he can say on any subject!"

A prize is given in the Divinity School of Trinity College, Dublin, for the best composed sermon delivered in twenty minutes. When I competed for this, the examiners said that my composition was the best, but that it was three minutes too long, so I lost twenty pounds because I had not acquired the art of leaving off.

Professors of pastoral theology should give more attention to teaching divinity students the art of leaving off. This would save the students from talking about what they do not understand when they are ordained, and would much improve their sermons.

Lord Lyndhurst said that one of the chief duties of a judge was to render it disagreeable to counsel to talk nonsense. Could not the rulers of our Church do something to prevent preachers from doing the same?

To give soldiers a treat, I have sometimes got a real living bishop to preach at a parade service. After one of these episcopal sermons I asked a sergeant what was thought of it. He answered: "Well, sir, we liked the first remarks of the right reverend gentleman, but what we could not understand was why he went on gassing, why he did not stop when he was done." "Gassing" was a more appropriate word than the sergeant knew. There are preachers and talkers who are like balloons: they ascend fairly well, and make some progress. The descent is their weak point; they throw out grappling irons in vain, their ideas are exhausted, but not their gas. They touch earth, then bump along the surface, again ascend a little, tear through a hedge, are caught in a tree—do anything, in fact, except leave off. This "gassing" or repetition is what

wearies people. Preachers say, "One more word." Just one other remark strikes them, and these "more last words" weary the audience into a bad temper, which keeps the Word out of their hearts. Why should a preacher turn round like a dog three times before lying down? John Wesley said of a minister who had not acquired the art of leaving off, "He prayed me into a good state of mind, but he soon prayed me out of it again."

At the first place where I was stationed as an Army chaplain, I got a hint not to go on "gassing" from cavalry horses. The chapel was just beside the stables. One Sunday I preached a little too long, and the time for oats had come. A chorus of neighing protested, and the men smiled approvingly when they heard their rescuing steeds. The situation became so ludicrous that I had to leave off. The dumb ass was rebuking, so to speak, the madness of the prophet.

A long sermon is now considered a social impropriety, but people are not impatient if the preacher can be heard and is worth hearing. "Half an hour, with a leaning to mercy," was the answer given by a judge to a sheriff's chaplain when asked the time an Assize sermon should occupy. This seems to be a reasonable allowance. So much depends upon the man and

the circumstances. One man will tire people more in five minutes than another will in an hour.

When a sermon is long and dull it is generally because enough time has not been given to its preparation. The preacher had not time to be short—that is to say, to concentrate his matter; or, if the sermon were extempore, perhaps no landing-place had been arranged, and the only wonder is that land should ever have been reached.

Dr. Johnson heard a fishmonger complain of the stupidity of eels who would not lie still when he was skinning them alive. In the same way will curates complain of the impiety of people who will not sit still when they are preaching them to death. It is true that many of these preachers are earnest men, but a saint in the pulpit makes a martyr in the pew if he does not know when to leave off. There is no greater tyrant than "one whom the music of his own sweet voice doth ravish like enchanting harmony."

People do not turn a visit into a visitation when they have learned the art of leaving off. Why should a visitor add more last words after getting up to go? A high official used to say to lingerers of this kind: "I must apologise for keeping you so long and taking up your time.

May I ask you to shut the door from the outside?"

A busy clergyman hung up in a conspicuous place in his study the Scriptural motto, "The Lord bless thy goings out."

A Chinese host has this advantage over European ones, that he can give a hint to go to a visitor who is becoming a bore. When he drinks tea or fingers his cup, it means that he thinks the interview had better come to an end.

A man whom I never wished to see used continually to telephone to the hotel where I was living that he was coming to visit me, and when would I be at home? To use the telephone in this way is to make it an instrument of torture. Why would not the man leave off trying to find me at home, when his card would have pleased me more than his presence?

A clergyman forced a visit upon a dying man who did not wish to see him, and asked, "Do you know the greatness of God?" "Yes," was the reply, "and the littleness of man." This made the parson think that it was time to leave.

It is a good rule of diet that whatever harms more than helps should be left alone. We should form the habit of eating and drinking about one half of what we could eat and drink. The man who eats little eats much, for he lives longer to eat. In college I lessened my power

of attention by reading too long at a time and not leaving off when I could no longer attend. It is not what we read but what we remember that is important, and it is not what we eat but what we digest that does us good. The old rule is a good one—to leave off eating when we still feel a little hungry.

Bad habits, and especially that of the immoderate use of intoxicating liquor, first draw, then drag, and then haul. Woe to the person who does not leave off before the hauling or even the dragging stage begins!

Many people, especially women, seem to think that they are justified in gambling as long as they win, but that it is wicked not to leave off when they begin to lose. The truth is, gambling is a luxury which should be left alone altogether by those who cannot afford useless luxuries, and left off by those who can when they are in danger of excess. It is a shame for a man to go too far, as it is called, with a girl. He should leave off, if he does not mean anything, before her affections are engaged. In reference to eating, drinking, gambling, flirting, and most other things, wisdom says: "Nothing too much; the half is more than the whole, learn to leave off."

A great book is a great evil, so I must leave off before this one becomes evil.

CHAPTER XXXI

DYING WITH DIGNITY

THE art of leaving off does not give a cue as to when we ought and must quit this stage of existence; but, as Dr. Johnson said, "The time will come to every human being when it must be known how well he can bear to die." Sir Richard Grenville said: "A day less or more on sea or shore, we die—does it matter when?" The old man has warmed both hands before the fire of life and is ready to depart. On his death-bed the famous actor Quin said: "I could wish this last tragic scene were over, but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."

> "Long not for death, nor hanker after life;
> Calmly expect thine own appointed time,
> E'en as a servant reckons on his hire."

If we live as we ought dying will take care of itself. The last thing a sensible man thinks of is death.

I heard a woman remark to a rich woman who travelled about, but said she feared to die alone

in a hotel: "Do not think or worry about how, when, where you are to die; leave all that to God to settle for you."

A Scotch minister said to a God-fearing member of his congregation who was dying, "Well, my friend, how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir," was the calm and solemn answer; "very weel, but just a wee bit confused wi' the flittin'."

People are not afraid to die, but they want to live for different reasons. Strong ties bind them to earth; they do not like to leave old companions. A peasant, ninety years old, was dying, and had so much pined to see his old bedridden wife once more that they had carried her to where he lay. He pressed his shrunken hand upon her hand, and in a husky voice said to her, "Come soon," and not long after he passed away.

When Louis XIV. lay dying, "Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his death-bed. "Did you think I should live for ever?" Then, after a pause, "I thought dying had been harder."

When death is bitter it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remorse than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely die easy if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been

made. The medical man who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that there was. Debt was upon his mind.

To some it is riches and not poverty that render death painful. When Garrick showed to Dr. Johnson his palatial residence, the latter said: "Ah, David, these are the things that make death terrible!"

When the sickness from which he died first seized Cardinal Mazarin he consulted Guenaud the physician, who told him that he had but two months to live. Some days afterwards a friend saw the Cardinal, in his night-cap and dressing-gown, tottering along his gallery, pointing to his pictures, and exclaiming, "Must I quit all these?" He saw his friend, and seized him. "Look at that Correggio! this Venus of Titian! that incomparable Deluge of Caracci! Ah! my friend, I must quit all these. Farewell, dear pictures that I love so dearly, and that cost me so much!"

A dying Archbishop of Canterbury was told by his chaplain that he was going to a better place. "Ah! I always did like Lambeth," was the sincere and human reply.

When the end of Lord Houghton's life was at

hand and he complained of being ill, a friend asked him, "What is the matter?" He answered, "Death! that's what's the matter with me; I am going over to the majority, and, you know, I have always preferred the minority."

An old man, who did not seem to have much to live for, being asked why he wished to continue in existence answered, "Curiosity." He desired to see when people would fly, for instance, and some of the other changes that were taking place.

Some people profess to wish for a sudden death, by which it is to be supposed they do not mean an unprepared one. Most of us, however, would prefer a short period of waiting, as did one of the captains of Charles V. of Spain. When old and infirm, he asked the Emperor to discharge him from public service because "there ought to be a pause between the tumult of life and the day of death."

A friend told the writer that the last days on earth of his aged father quite astonished him, so happily and peacefully were they spent. Having made his will and arranged all his business, he said, "I am just waiting."

When near her end the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" wrote: "I feel about all things now as I do about the things that happen in an

hotel after my trunk is packed to go home. I may be vexed and annoyed . . . but what of it! I am going home soon."

Others feel and act in an opposite way. They dread to make a will or set their house in order for the end that is inevitable. They resent the sight of a funeral and all mention of the "King of Terrors," as if they could escape by hiding from him.

When I lived in China the owner of a house showed to me with pride his coffin which a dutiful son presented to him and which was kept in the hall until wanted. The man did not die because his coffin was made. It does not hasten matters to prepare for death, and therefore for life. St. Paul did not die any sooner because he could say, "I die daily." He was ready to die every day he lived, but he did not die before his time—that is to say, before God's time.

Perhaps nothing shows Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature more than his representation of Falstaff as babbling of green fields when dying. No matter how we have lived, our thoughts at the end of life generally wander back to the innocent days of childhood.

The true nature and the favourite thoughts and pursuits of a man are revealed when the curtain is about to be rung down on the final scene. The famous Earl of Chesterfield was polite to the

last. When he lay at the point of death he said, as the doctor entered the room, "Give Dayrolles a chair."

The last utterances of Charles II. were an apology to his attendants that he was so long dying, and an expressed hope that the trouble he was causing them would soon be over.

Marie Antoinette, happening to step on her executioner's foot, said, "I beg your pardon, monsieur; I did not do it on purpose!"

"Don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" cried Burns, as he fell in convulsions, with a last gibe at the Dumfries Militia, of which corps he was himself a member. He did not think that the territorial army of his day would dignify dying.

When Vespasian, the soldier Emperor, who had risen to the purple from the obscurity of a Spanish village, felt that he was dying, he told his attendants to help him to his feet. "An Emperor," he said, "should die standing."

When the American General Stonewall Jackson was told that he had only about two hours to live, he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks——" Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression of

relief, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

If in the Boer War British officers were not as well educated in a technical sense as they should have been, at least they showed that they knew how to die like gentlemen, and make no fuss about it.

Chinese criminals prefer strangulation or any death that does not mutilate their bodies to decapitation or one that does this. A man does not want to go headless or with his head under his arm into another world. People of all nations naturally dread dying and appearing in a future life without being presentable. Some are conceited enough to think that the filthy rags of their own righteousness will make them presentable, others that they can cling to the righteousness of priest or parson, of relations or of friends. In reference to this last feeling a quaint Scotch preacher, when depicting the terrors of the Day of Judgment, said: "Maybe ye'll think to cling on to my coat-tails, but I'll cheat ye there, for I'll put on a jacket."

The only way to have peace at the last is to put on the Lord Jesus Christ and cover ourselves with the beautiful robe of His righteousness. In their last war with China the Japanese soldiers used to dress in their best when a battle was expected, because, as they said, in the equivalent

in their language, they wished to die with dignity, to die like gentlemen. There is a way to die more excellent than even this ; it is to die like real Christians. May Japan learn this, and may England not forget it !

Even good and religious people sometimes suffer from fear of death. We have all read how Dr. Johnson in the Church of St. Clement Danes used to recite in a voice that trembled with emotion : " In the hour of death and in the Day of Judgment, good Lord deliver us."

Boswell spoke to him of a book in which it was stated that the world was a mere show, and that it is unreasonable for a man to wish to continue in the show-room after he has seen it. Let him go cheerfully out and give place to other spectators. To this Johnson replied : " Yes, sir, if he is sure he is to be well after he goes out of it. But if he is to grow blind after he goes out of the show-room, and never to see anything again, or if he does not know whither he is to go next, a man will not go cheerfully out of a show-room. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation ; for, however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all. No ; there is no

rational principle by which a man can die contented but a trust in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ."

In his last moments Bishop Butler remarked to his chaplain that "it is an awful thing to appear before the Moral Governor of the world." The chaplain reminded him of "the blood which cleanseth from all sin." "Ah!" replied the Bishop, "this is comfortable," and with these words on his lips he gave up his soul to God.

A lady when exploring the house of a religious nobleman, after admiring room after room, exclaimed, "And to think that he has the kingdom of heaven besides!" No earthly mansion can give peace in the hour of death, but the Saviour's words about the resting-places which He was going to prepare for us in the Father's house should do so.

When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds he remarked, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with." To say that a man dies worth so much money is great satire, because it implies that he is worth little or nothing in himself, but to transfer this thought into the next world is monstrous. Of course, Lord Erskine knew this, and what he said was only a pleasantry, though not a pious one. Yet

there is a treasure of a very different kind with which we can begin the next world. This is the precious blood of Jesus Christ. No matter what may be the amount of our moral and spiritual capital, not to speak of material money, we shall have no ground for hope when we come to die except we take Jesus Christ for our Saviour and trust in God's mercy through Him.

Death should not be dreaded, because it is simply the mode by which Christ takes us to Himself and places us where we can do greater and more glorious work.

"Without death," said the poet Browning, "which is our churchyardy, crape-like word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Never say of me that I am dead." His wife agreed with him in this, and used to say: "I can't look on the earth side of death—I flinch from corpses and graves, and never meet a common funeral without a sort of horror. When I look deathwards I look *over* death and upwards, or I can't look that way at all." Certainly, the "earth side of death" is very ghastly, and we add to it by some of the arrangements of our funerals, and by speaking of a departed friend as "poor So-and-so."

Tennyson told of a man in Paris who ordered a good dinner, ate it, and then committed suicide

by covering his face with a chloroformed handkerchief. "That's what I should do," said the poet, "if I thought there was no future state."

In one of Tennyson's last poems are the lines:

"Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,
Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent opener of the gate."

Of the poet's own dying his son says: "His patience and quiet strength had power upon those who were nearest and dearest to him; we felt thankful for the love and utter peace of it all. He was quite restful." God's finger touched him and he slept.

Here are four lines that beautifully describe ideal dying:

"On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
Weeping, thou sat'st, whilst all around thee smiled.
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, when all around thee weep."

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